STORY-TELLER.

A COLLECTION OF

Original Tales.

CATCUTATEL

TO LEAD THE YOUTHFUL MIND TO A LOVE OF RELIGION,
MORALITY, AND VIRTUE.

lilustrated with many Engravings



BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS, NO. 4, CORNELL.

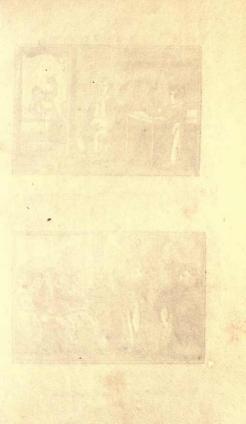
CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
COLLECTION
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES
SYSTEM FLY FLY
STATEMENT OF THE















THE

STORY-TELLER:

A COLLECTION OF

Original Tales.

CALCULATED

TO LEAD THE YOUTHFUL MIND TO A LOVE OF RELIGION, MORALITY, AND VIRTUE.

Illustrated with many engravings.



BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS, No. 4, CORNEILL.

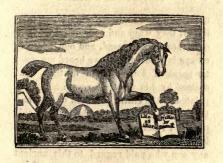
And David Francis, 90 Newbury-Street.

ETORY-TELLERS



THE LITE AND SECTION ASSESSMENT

The state of the s



THE LIFE OF A HORSE.

Supposed to be written by himself.

"What useful animals are Horses!" I have frequently heard persons exclaim, who were seated at ease in a chaise, while I drew them rapidly along the road; and yet how cruelly are we frequently used! half the business of the country would be at a stand, but for our race; men are dependent upon us for the greater part of their advantages, or their pleasures, and how do they recompense the most useful among us?—with harsh-

ness, with blows: if we stumble, or take fright, they whip and spur us, by which our terror is increased, and our desire to escape is aroused. I have heard my master speak of some portion of time, that seemed by his expressions, to be appropriated to the entire rest both of man and beast; but whether it is observed in this country, I am unable to determine, as I have never been so fortunate as to serve any one who paid regard to this ancient custom.

I first became used to the bit under the care of a person whose employment it was to break in horses, as it is termed, who was somewhat severe in his discipline, and I was probably, in his opinion, very obstinate. In time, I became accustomed to restraint, and it was judged safe for a young squire to mount me, who was both able and willing to use his spurs, and to speak to me in a lordly tone. My young master boasted much of me to his companions, and in order to display his horsemanship, would often

goad me with the spur, which always occasioned me to prance and rear. He frequently attended races, where I saw the fleetest of our kind wearing out their strength for no other purpose than to gratify the folly and avarice of men. At one of these meetings, my master thought proper to bet a considerable sum with an associate, that I could exceed his horse in swiftness; and the trial was immediately made. It terminated in my fayour, but in returning to the stable, heated and tired with the efforts I had been forced to make, I stumbled and fell. My knees were both broken, and being no longer deemed a proper nag for a squire, he sold me to a person who kept horses for the purpose of letting them out by the day to any one who wanted to hire. My sufferings were now great. Often I fell into the hands of ignorant drivers, who pulled the reins unmercifully, and lashed me with the whip even when I went full speed. Sometimes I scarcely received sufficient food to support me through the

day; for my drivers were more mindful of their own provender than of that of their poor horse. My master, however, was careful of us all: on our return after a hard day's work, he saw us well fed, and provided with good straw to rest our weary bones. Hard as this life appeared to me, I have since had occasion to regret it.

An inn-keeper purchased me; and I was destined to be a post-horse. Perpetual travelling caused the harness to rub off my coat in several parts: yet, sore as my shoulders were, there was no pity shown. I was forced, though suffering pain at every step, to bear the pressure of the galling collar. Often when I had lain down at night, almost dead with fatigue, the sound of my driver's voice has forced me to rise, and I have been led from the warm stable to gratify the whim of persons who were sometimes, I believe ashamed to travel by day-light, or afraid to stop, lest they should be overtaken. For these persons, and for thoughtless

young men, I suffered incredibly. Late one evening, as I and my companion in misery were advancing full speed on the great north-road, I fell senseless on the ground. What occurred afterwards, I know not; but when I regained my senses, I found myself in a field, with two men, who seemed farmers, standing beside me with a mixture of corn and bran. which they offered to me with many kind words, such as I had seldom heard. began to eat, and the elder of the two men bitterly execrated the persons who had caused me to be driven till I was nearly dead; declaring that I should stay on his farm for the rest of my life, although I proved incapable of labour. Here I have since remained, and am able to repay the kindness of my benefactor. by a few hours work every day.

When I first began to write this history, I knew not that there was a day when animals rest: here I have constantly enjoyed it; and the sound of some bells at

a distance has taught me to distinguish

Such young reader, has been my life; let me entreat you to remember the sufferings that our race are liable to endure; and do not add to the number of those who unfeelingly torment and wear out the strength of an animal "so useful as the Horse."





BENEVOLENCE REWARDED

A GENTLEMAN, who resided in a distant county, had two sons, named George and Henry. George was amiable and well disposed, always attentive to the injunctions of his parents, mindful of the truth in every instance, and generally willing to share his little possessions with his brother or his companions. Henry, on the contrary, was disobedient, haughty, and penurious. To the misery of his fellow creatures he appeared wholly insensible; and even animals, to whom

children are indebted for many hours of agreeable recreation, were treated by him with barbarity or neglect.

But Henry had been greatly neglected during his childhood; he had lived far away from his good parents, whose misfortunes in former years had obliged them to consign their youngest son to the care of a rich relation, who offered to take charge of him, and who believed that he performed the duty he had imposed on himself, in providing for Henry's personal wants. George had never left his father and mother; he had constantly witnessed their upright, kind, and generous conduct in the daily concerns of life; he had been preserved from evil example, and was consequently free from vice.

One morning, while the boys were waiting for their parents at the breakfast-table, a poor man, whose appearance be-spoke his misery, drew near the window, and begged humbly for a morsel of bread, adding that he had walked many miles since day-break, and was without a single

halfpenny to buy a little food. Henry imperiously ordered him to go away, at the same time expressing his surprise that beggars could have the impertinence to approach so near a gentleman's house. But Henry was not weary with walking in the heat-he saw plentiful supplies for his own breakfast on the table before him -he had never asked for a halfpenny and received a refusal-and Henry did not give himself time to imagine how he should feel in circumstances similar to those of the beggar he had just repulsed, The poor man, however, was sorrowfully departing, when George ran quickly after him, with a large slice of bread in one hand, and sixpence, the whole of his wealth, in the other, "Here, poor man," said he, "I know my mother would have given you some food, if she had been present; and this sixpence is my own; it is all I am worth." The man blessed the kind-hearted youth, who scarcely waited to receive the thanks he deserved.

Time passed on: the brothers advanced to maturity; but from the difference in their characters and pursuits, they associated little with each other. Henry became fond of field sports and luxurious living; he purchased dogs and horses, and frequented the company of men whose taste resembled his own. George, who from his childhood had been the protector of animals, could not, in his riper years, discover any pleasure in hunting the gentle hare, or the nimble stag, that he delighted to see quietly grazing on the fine turf, or enjoying itself in the thickets of a forest. He preferred the useful occupation of cultivating a garden; frequently too, in fine weather, he rose with the sun to enjoy a long walk in the fresh morning air.

During one of these excursions, the brothers chanced to meet. While they were exchanging a few words, a partridge sprang up and fluttered before them. George, who knew the admirable manner in which these birds endeavour to protect their young from the attacks of an enemy, eagerly entreated Henry not to fire his piece, for he knew there was a brood of young partridges near. "Nonsense," replied Henry, and immediately levelled the gun. Displeased at his incivility, and desirous of saving the bird, George suddenly seized his brother's arm, changed his aim, and preserved the partridge.

Provoked at his failure, and enraged at the author of it, Henry levelled a blow at his brother's head, struck him to the ground, and, snatching up his gun, hastened away.

George slowly recovered his senses, and was attempting to rise, when a poor man approached the spot, and perceiving him ill and weak, offered to assist him to the nearest house. "I have a little water left in this bottle, sir," said he, "it may refresh you, I wish there was more, or that it was wine instead of water." George now observed the stranger attentively. "It seems to me," he observed,

"that I have seen you before." "I know you well," replied the poor man, "you are the young man who gave me bread when I was almost starved, and money to buy more." "Well," said George, "he who gives 'a cup of cold water only' with a kind intention, will never lose his reward. Give me your arm, and go with me to my father's house."

George, however, reached home with difficulty, notwithstanding the help of the poor man, and it was some time before he recovered from the effects of the blow he had received. Upon farther inquiry, he learned that the old man endeavoured to earn his living by cutting turf from the common, and that he frequently passed that way. He received permission to call frequently, and eat a comfortable meal. As a recompense for his present trouble, George gave him half a guinea.

The avidity with which Henry pursued his favourite amusements, proved the cause of his early death. After being excessively heated with a long stag-hunt,

he was accidentally caught in a violent shower of rain; and more eager to gratify his appetite than to attend to his safety, he sat down to table without changing his clothes. A cold, attended by a high fever, succeeded, which put an end to his life in a few weeks.

His excellent brother constantly watched over him during his illness; and every kindness that pity or generosity could prompt, was bestowed by his sorrowful parents, who had vainly used their influence to withdraw him from his vicious habits.

Some years after the death of his brother, George became possessed of considerable property, bequeathed to him by an uncle, who highly valued him for his talents and his virtues.

He passed an exemplary life; and long after his decease, the children of those whom he instructed, assisted, or advised, took pleasure in pointing out to strangers, the grave of "good Mr. George Harding."



THE BIRD.

In a village at some distance from London, lived Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, with their two sons Charles and William. They occupied themselves in the education of these children, who were constant companions, usually partaking the same amusements, and pursuing the same studies. Part of every day was employed in acquiring some useful knowledge; and by the judicious method which their parents pursued, learning was a pleasure, or, if difficulties sometimes occurred, they

were prompted to overcome them by the desire of pleasing their kind instructors.

In summer evenings the family usually took a long walk, often amusing themselves with gathering herbs, and examining their beautiful structure. During one of these excursions, they took a path to which the boys were less accustomed, but with which they were much delighted, from its novelty and the variety of flowers that grew in the hedges.

As they were gathering a plant unknown to them, a rustling among the leaves drew their attention, and a bird which seemed scarcely able to fly, fluttered along the path. Charles succeeded in catching it, and found, by the colour of the feathers, that it was a magpie whose wing had been pierced with a shot—"We must not leave the poor bird to die," said William; "perhaps if we take it home, and bind up the joint, it may recover, and then we will let it go." To this his brother agreed, and they hastened forward,

for Mr. and Mrs. Cotton were already out of sight.

The road now divided into several branches, the children hesitated which they should take, and at length chose one that led them far away from their own village, and terminated on a wide heath. "What shall we do now?" said William, "here is not a house to be seen, the sun is setting, and, what is worse than all, my father and mother will be very uneasy."

Charles, who had been reading "Sandford and Merton," and knew the use of the compass, replied, "we must have a little courage, and imitate Harry in the book we read to my father last winter. Let me think—our house looks to the South, the sun sets in the North-West at this time of the year—yonder is the sun, so our village must be on the right hand; let us take this little path, and keep straight forward, we may meet some one perhaps to direct us." "I am not afraid in the least," said William; "and see

how nicely the magpie sits in my two hands, the handkerchief is like a nest for him."

Night drew on, and no habitation was yet visible. "If you should have made a mistake," observed William, half intimidated,—" are you sure we are going to the South?" "Yes, and you may be certain too," replied Charles; "turn round and look at the sky." "Oh, there is the Great Bear, it is always in the North, and now I see the Polar Star."

After walking another half hour, they found that the little path led them to a highway; and at that moment the sound of a voice at some distance occasioned them to stop a few minutes. The sound grew more distinct, and Charles ventured to should loudly. He now plainly heard his own name repeated, then that of his brother. The two boys hastened forward, replying at intervals to the person who was calling to them. In a few minutes Mr. Cotton drew near; he held out his hand, saying, "I am not mistaken;

your mother and myself were persuaded that you would consider the situation of our house, and direct your course by the sun, till it disappeared, and afterward by the north star, should you meet with no one to lead you home. Being almost certain of this, I determined to walk towards the north, supposing I must meet with you on the heath, as the lanes, in the quarter where we were walking this evening, all lead to it. Let us hasten; your mother, who is gone with one of the servants to the spot where we lost sight of you, will be returned before we can arrive at the village, and will be uneasy, as it grows late."

Mr. Cotton now perceived that William carried something in his hands, and upon inquiry was told the history of the magpie. "Well," said he, "you have suffered a little disquietude in a very good cause, and the knowledge you are acquiring has been put into practice by this little adventure; I am well pleased with your conduct."

Mrs. Cotton forgot her anxiety upon seeing her children in safety; and the next object of solicitude was the wounded bird. The wing was bound up, a large cage provided, food and water were placed within its reach, and it was suffered to remain unmolested by ill-judged kindness. Some time passed before the bird was able to fly, and upon being left at full liberty, it merely went to a short distance, and returned voluntarily to its cage. It became perfectly tame, and readily fed from the hand of his kind protectors.

Charles and William continued to advance in goodness and knowledge; and having reached the age at which it is usual to undertake some lucrative employment, they both expressed a determination to remain in the village which had been the scene of their early years. Mr. Cotton therefore converted part of his property into land, and established his sons in a valuable farm. Here they resided during a long period, esteemed by their neighbours, and greatly respect-

ed by the labourers employed in cultivating their lands.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotton lived to an advanced age, and frequently on observing the starry heavens, recalled with pleasure the incident that has been related.





INGRATITUDE PUNISHED.

AFTER the conquest of the American islands, numerous adventurers began to fit out small vessels for the purpose of farther discoveries, in order to obtain gold and silver, the only objects that were thought worthy of attention.

The captain of one of these vessels was a soldier, who had served under Columbus, and had gained some trifling property. The desire of acquiring more wealth induced him to attempt a short voyage to one of the numerous islands that extend

across the Gulf of Mexico; and he set sail with a favourable wind, and high expectations of future gain.

His good fortune did not, however, continue long. The wind proved contrary and boisterous. The sea grew rough, and huge billows sometimes broke over the ship. The night was dark; the sky, covered with clouds, afforded not a single star to assist them in guiding their course. After driving a long time before the wind the vessel struck suddenly upon a rock, and was shattered to pieces.

The soldier, after swimming some minutes, caught hold of a plank, by which he supported himself, and was at length dashed upon the rocky shore of an unknown island: the unfortunate crew all perished.

Bruised and exhausted, the soldier lay till day-break upon the beach, terrified at the fate that might await him; for the report of the cruelties practised by the Europeans had already spread among the natives, and had excited them to revenge

He had just begun to rise and look around him, when a native approached, who, seeing a person strangely clothed, appeared to be fearful of venturing nearer. Perceiving that the man was unarmed and alone, the soldier uttered a lamentable cry; and the poor American, understanding that he was in distress, now willingly came towards him. He invited the soldier, by signs, to his habitation, and assisted him to walk. They soon arrived at the hut, which was not far distant, built under the shade of tamarind trees, which grow in the West-Indies.

The native brought food to his guest, and prepared him a bed of mats, such as the Indians make of twisted grass, and left him to repose.

The danger he had undergone did not extinguish in the mind of the adventurer, the desire of obtaining gold. Upon farther acquaintance with the islanders, he perceived that many possessed ornaments of this metal, and that his host seemed to have the greatest quantity among them.

Some months passed: the soldier grew impatient of his solitary situation; he spent whole days upon the highest rocks he could discover, hoping that accident might bring some vessel within view of the island. At length his wishes were accomplished; a European vessel appeared, but at a considerable distance. The man immediately kindled a fire, that the smoke might attract the notice of the mariners, and erected a high pole, to which he always kept a mat ready fastened, to serve as a signal. The vessel seemed to approach nearer, and the soldier kindled another fire. He now perceived a boat put off, and approach the shore. He descended from the rock, and ran along the beach; the boat at length reached the island, and the soldier, transported with joy at the sight of his countrymen, sprang in, and they hastened back to the ship.

The hospitable native searched in vain for his guest on the rock, on the shore, and in every quarter whither he had been accustomed to repair. But the soldier was advancing towards a European settlement, forming a scheme with the commander of the vessel, to return to the island, and enrich themselves with the gold of the natives.

This scheme was put into execution some time afterwards. Regardless of every grateful and humane feeling, this wicked man sought the hut of his former protector, seized his gold, and with threats commanded him to lead the way to the gold mines of the country. The rest of the crew plundered the other inhabitants; and night approaching, they judged it prudent to return to the vessel. It was a dead calm. The soldier and his accomplice returned in security to their cabin, having agreed to renew their depredations the next day. Shortly after midnight they were awakened by loud peals of thunder,-the lightning flashed around them, and suddenly shivered the mast to pieces. A hurricane succeeded; the rudder was carried away, the ship became unmanageable, and at length, shattered by the violence of the storm, split into a thousand pieces, and every person on board perished.

Such was the merited punishment of ingratitude. Whether the soldier or the American most deserved the name of savage is left to the reader's decision.





THE ACCIDENT.

ALFRED JACKSON was the son of a gentleman who employed his leisure hours in the study and practice of chemistry. One of Alfred's chief amusements was to attend his father when he performed experiments. The terms alkali, oxygen, hydrogen, &c. were familiar to this little boy, from his frequent inquiries of his father concerning the nature of the operations. In general he did not attempt to touch any part of the apparatus, having been repeatedly cautioned by Mr. Jack-

son never to interfere in a business he

One day a friend of his father's, a very intelligent gentleman, came to visit them, and the conversation turned upon the art of making gun-powder. Alfred listened very attentively to the guest, who had lately visited some extensive works for the composition of this dangerous article, and learned with much satisfaction that it is formed of three substances, nitre or saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal. Perceiving that Alfred was amused, the gentleman took up a piece of India rubber, that lay upon the table, and held it to the candle. Alfred was surprised to see it was inflammable, and burned with a clear light. "I wish," said he, "I knew something about this rubber, I always forget to ask."

"This substance," said the visitor, "is vegetable; it is also called elastic gum. The tree which produces it grows in several parts of America. Incisions are made in the bark, and the white juice,

which is more or less fluid, is dried in the sun, or by a fire. Different forms are marked upon it with a steel rod; it is then exposed to smoke, which turns it of this colour. Such are the elastic gum bottles brought to England. Vessels made of this fluid are capable of containing liquids. It is used in America to give light.

The following morning Mr. Jackson left home for a few days, and Alfred, whose mind was much impressed with the description of the gun-powder works, began to devise a plan for making some, as an experiment. "Now," said he, "if I could tell my father on his return, that I have found out how to make gun-powder, he would not forbid me so strictly to touch his glass vessels and tubes." But Alfred at this very time forgot his father's wise prohibition, "never to interfere in a business he did not understand."

He purchased the several ingredients, and mixed them together immediately, boasting to the servants that he knew how to make gun-powder. The maids, terrified, would not suffer him to remain in the kitchen; and the footman endeavoured to persuade him, that it would he better to wait till his master returned. Alfred was not to be turned from his purpose; he went into the yard, and there set fire to a little of his mixture. The sulphur melted, and the charcoal burned, but no explosion followed, for he had not reduced the materials to powder. This was his next attempt, and with great delight he mixed them together.

"I shall do it at last, Robert," said he to the servant, who was at some distance. In a few minutes he was terrified by a dreadful explosion, and running to the spot, found Alfred senseless on the ground while the yard was filled with smoke. In fact, by a sudden movement of his hand, Alfred had thrown down the candle, and set fire to his mixture. He was carried into the house, and recovered his senses only to discover that his arm was broken, and his knee dislocated. Information of the accident was carried to his father, who speedily arrived.

Much affected at the melancholy state of his son, he forbore any kind of reproof, but inquired of the servants respecting the circumstance,

Alfred recovered the use of his arm, but the injury that his knee had sustained, rendered him lame for many months. When he was able to leave his room, Alfred observed that his father seldom went into his laboratory, and at length he inquired the cause. "Your accident," replied Mr. Jackson, "has disinclined me to the study that formerly gave me so much pleasure, for I perceive that you will not adhere to my precepts when I am absent; therefore, while I amuse myself with chemical operations in your presence, or even while I am conversing with a friend upon the subject, I run the hazard of endangering your life. I therefore must decline the favourite occupation of my leisure hours, until you are grown more reasonable. for I do not choose to shut you out from society."

"Dear father," replied Alfred, "I did

not go near your room, I did not touch any thing you ever forbade me."

"Very true," returned Mr. Jackson, "but you attempted to compose a material, the dangerous effects of which you well knew; you were unacquainted with the proper method, and became the victim of your own ignorance and carelessness."

Alfred now entreated his father to resume his employment: he promised steadily to refrain from every scheme of the kind, until he had asked advice; but Mr. Jackson replied, that he must at present decline it, and submit to the privation, until he could have more confidence in Alfred's resolutions.

Poor Alfred wept on perceiving that his indiscretion was the cause of sorrow and self-denial to his good father. He behaved for many months with very great circumspection, and at length, having one day received high commendation, he ventured to entreat, as a reward, that Mr. Jackson would unlock the laboratory. With this he complied, and Alfred was again happy.



THE FAITHFUL DOG.

DURING the midsummer holidays, George Mason was invited to Oswald Hall, in Wiltshire, the residence of a gentleman well acquainted with his father. George had promised to write very frequently to his sister Maria. The following is one of the letters that she received from him.

"You have probably been expecting to hear from me for some days, my dear sister, and I should not have deferred writing, had not a remarkable circumstance occupied my attention. The particulars are interesting, and you may find amusement in reading them...

"Mr. Oswald has a very large Newfoundland dog, named Rover, who is a favourite with the whole family. He suffers the younger children to ride upon his back, and will stand perfectly still while they mount. He is very clever at carrying a basket or a parcel, and I am told, will hold a lanthorn very well, always taking care to wait till his master has got over a stile, or passed through a gate. Indeed he is so fond of Mr. Oswald, that he seems uneasy when he perceives he is going out, and will fetch his hat and gloves on being ordered.

One day last week this gentleman left home upon some business, which obliged him to travel to Devizes, a town nearly thirty miles from this place, and Rover was forbidden to follow. The dog howled, and was uneasy the whole day; towards evening, when Charles Oswald went in search of him, he was no where to be found. At midnight I was awaken-

ed by the loud barking of a dog, who was scratching violently at the hall door; the creature seemed in great distress, and, as I thought, was using every means in his power to obtain an entrance. Supposing it was Rover, I wondered he did not seek his usual shelter at night, and I continued to listen for some time. The agony of the creature seemed to increase. I arose and called the footman. We went together, and opened the door. Rover rushed in, barking, howling, and crouching at our feet. He then ran away, returned whining, and again rushed forwards.

"The noise alarmed Mrs. Oswald, who called to us to learn the cause. She came down stairs. On seeing his mistress, the poor dog redoubled his cries, and a third time ran from the door.—
'This animal,' said she, 'evidently entreats us to follow him, He has been absent a long time; I imagined, in the evening, that he had followed his master, I now believe that he did so, and that he is

returned in agony to tell us some accident has happened to my husband. The animal is sufficiently sagacious to do this, I am well persuaded. So saying, Mrs. Oswald ordered the carriage immediately, and, attended by the men servants and myself, she set off. Meanwhile Rover watched our movements, continually repeated his former actions, and when the carriage drove off, he scampered before, taking the road to Devizes, continually running forward, and turning to see whether we followed.

"We travelled thus more than ten miles, and were approaching a small town, when the dog turned down a narrow lane, and the coachman stopped for farther orders. Again Rover became importunate with his cries; he barked, if possible, more loudly than ever. He sprang up to the coach door, as if to prevail on his mistress to proceed. 'Suffer me, Madam,' said the footman, who was on horseback, 'to take one of the carriage lamps, and follow Rover. I am glad we came, for something is the mat-

ter.' I heard the coachman say softly, So am I, Tom, though I was mad to be called up about a whim; but our mistress never has whims, I forgot that.'

"Mrs. Oswald, who maintained her self-possession, though perceptibly much agitated, after considering a few minutes, consented to the man's proposal, and ordered the coach-man to follow.

"Day was now beginning to break. I saw at some distance a little cottage, and could perceive the footman stop there, and dismount. Rover however came back to us. The coach now drove hastily forward, and the poor creature, exhausted by his efforts, fell down at the feet of Mrs. Oswald, as she sprang from the carriage, and patted him on the head.

"On entering the house we found Mr. Oswald laid upon a wretched bed, almost senseless, and a poor old woman watching beside him. He knew us. The woman informed us that the gentleman had been discovered by her son, as he returned from work in the evening, at the en-

trance of a little wood; that he was much wounded about the head, and was bleeding terribly. Having obtained assistance, they brought him home to their house, and had sent for a surgeon, who was absent from home, and was not yet returned. While she was speaking, the gentleman arrived. The wounds on Mr. Oswald's head were not dangerous, and the surgeon having dressed them, gave permission for him to be carried slowly home, I should tell you, that poor Rover by the care of the servants, who gave him food and water, was ready to return with us, and he was put into the coach.

"When Mr. Oswald could speak, he informed us that he had stopped to bait his horse at the town, where he was overtaken by Rover, and had rambled down a lane that terminated in a wood; here he was attacked by a fellow armed with a cudgel, who aimed a blow at him which he parried with his whip; a second aim was more successful, and he was struck to the ground: several more blows fol-

lowed, when suddenly Rover flew upon the ruffian. Mr. Oswald then became sensless, and did not recover till he found himself in the cottage.

"The caresses and kindness that the children lavished upon this sagacious animal, you can easily imagine. Rover, quite recovered, stations himself by his master, as he rests on the sofa; and licks the hand of his mistress, who can scarcely conceal her tears, as she occasionally strokes his head. Mr. Oswald is almost well. I only wait to see him perfectly so, to fix the day of my return.

"Farewell, my dear Maria," added George, in concluding his letter, "will you not join with me in loving this faithful dog? Yours affectionately,

"George Mason."



And the second of the second o

The tring and the

Where the content of and that was that or and a set of a second of the s



THE WHITE PONY.

Frank Maitland was a boy of extremely amiable disposition, and peculiarly attached to his parents. He was their only child, and had been brought up with great care and tenderness. He was allowed to attend his father in his excursions into the country; his good behaviour always rendering him an agreeable companion to young people, and among his superiors he was never troublesome.

One fine day as Frank and his father were walking along the road, they over-

took a dirty looking man, who was unmercifully beating a little horse on which he rode, while the poor animal seemed hardly capable of proceeding farther, and was ready to sink under the cruel blows he received. Mr. Maitland accosted the man, and desired to know the cause of his conduct. He was told that the horse was an idle beast, nor could be ever be made to go without beating. "Indeed," said Frank, "the poor creature is quite worn out, he looks almost starved." "Tired or not, I will make him go a little faster, young gentleman," returned the man rudely; and began to renew his blows. Frank burst into tears: and Mr. Maitland's pity for the sufferings that he perceived the animal endured, was so great, that he resolved to purchase, and rescue him from his persecutor.

He drew his son apart, and told him his intention. "Oh do pray, father," said he, quite delighted, "I have a guinea that I will readily give towards the

sum." "Very well, I agree to it," said Mr. Maitland; and he asked the man if he would sell the horse, as he seemed so dissatisfied with him. The fellow, perceiving that he might be a gainer by this gentleman's humanity, began to change his tone. "The beast was worth a good deal, he could do much work if he would -had carried many a heavy load."-"As to what he is able to do," said Mr. Maitland, "I see, as well as you can tell me, that he may have been able to work, but that you have nearly killed him." After much debating, the horse was purchased for double the sum he was worth, and Frank led him slowly home, now and then pausing by the way, to let him eat a mouthful of grass. Rest and good provision soon changed the lean, shabby animal they had purchased, into a fine strong nag; and Frank having received a new saddle and bridle, as a present from his uncle, to whom he had related the history of the pony, now resolved to take a ride the next time his father had

occasion to go out. The little horse, who knew his master, and would follow him of his own accord about the field, seemed to be proud of his burthen, and trotted on very briskly.

A violent storm however came on, and being at a distance from home, and no dwelling in sight, they were obliged to pursue their way. Frank was very uneasy lest his father, who had rode out chiefly to gratify him, should take cold. The rain poured down upon them, and he would have persuaded his father to take shelter beneath a tree. "Never make a practice of that," said Mr. Maitland; "nothing is more dangerous, during a storm of thunder and lightning, than to take shelter under trees, for they attract the lightning, and you are in danger of being struck by it."

The weather began to clear, and they were drawing near home, when a miserable, dirty beggar came up, and loudly entreated their charity. Frank knew him to be the same person of whom they

had bought the horse some months before. "How came you in this situation?" said Mr. Maitland: "what have you done with the money that you received from me in payment for your horse?" The man looked ashamed. "See," said Frank, "this is the same horse that you were beating so cruelly; we have used him kindly, and have never once struck him; he will gallop, if I only speak to him." Thus saying, Frank exclaimed, "Come, Squirrel!" and the pony immediately galloped away. The beggar groaned with sorrow: he now lamented his cruel treatment, for the pony had been the means of his obtaining a maintenance, and he had quickly squandered away the sum received from Mr. Maitland, nor was afterwards able to find subsistence. That gentleman having heard the man's story, gave him a trifle, and bade him beware how he treated animals in future.

Frank continued to be very fond of his favourite Squirrel, who lived to be old; and being at length unfit for any labour, he was suffered to end his days in quiet, in his master's fields. The latter frequently went to look at him, and always carried some corn. At length poor Squirrel was one morning found dead under a tree, and his master, remembering his former services, would not condemn him to the usual fate of those animals, but had him buried beneath it.





THE BLIND MAN.

"Who lives in that neat little cottage?" said a gentleman to the landlord of the best inn in the town of Windsor. "One of the cleverest men I ever knew," replied the host; "he is a schoolmaster, and his scholars do him very great credit. My son was the most idle boy in the town, till he went to Mr. Stone's, and now he is a pattern of industry and good behaviour." "He seems to have a very pretty dwelling," observed the traveller, whom we shall call Mr. Brooks; "I will

walk towards it while my breakfast is preparing." On advancing nearer, the gentleman perceived that this neat white cottage was surrounded by a small garden in the utmost order, with a little porch overgrown with jasmine and clematis; in front was a small grass-plat, upon which were placed a variety of geraniums, and other green-house plants. The beds were full of beautiful annual and perennial flowers, and fine vegetables occupied the space beyond.

"You have some nice flowers there, my lad," said he to a boy, who was at work in the garden. "They are not mine, Sir,"he replied, "but I take my turn in keeping this place neat, with as much pleasure as I should if they were my own." "To whom does it belong?" "To my master, who is blind, but he is very fond of flowers, so I and my schoolfellows take care of his garden, for he is so good that every body loves to help him."

Mr. Stone, hearing voices, came to

the door. "To whom are you talking, Sam ?" said he. "I do not know the voice." "A gentleman, sir, has stopped to admire the flowers." "Perhaps he will walk in and gather some," rejoined the master; and he advanced to open the gate. "I cannot enjoy all the pleasure that these plants are capable of affording; but their odour delights me, and I am able to distinguish them by the form of their leaves and other peculiarities, for I was a tolerable florist before I lost my sight." He then invited the stranger to sit down in his porch: Mr. Brooks complied, much pleased with his appearance. "My pupils," continued the blind man, " are very assiduous in cultivating this little spot, from a desire to gratify me; and I am the more willing to accept their good offices, since it tends to promote a love of this harmless occupation, and encourages a desire to benefit others."

"I was told," said Mr. Brooks, "that you have the art of transforming idleness and ill-behaviour into industry and goodness, and this attention of your scholars seems to corroborate it." The blind man smiled-"I treat them uniformly with firmness and gentleness, unmixed with passion and severity. I endeavour to make them understand what they read; they are consequently amused, and remember it accurately. If my pupils are incorrect in their lessons, they perceive I am sorry, at the same time that I exact a better performance. They see I am interested in their progress, and the desire of pleasing me appears to animate their exertions. Frequently, after school hours, a little boy will offer to remain with me, to read any book I may wish to hear." "Indeed," said Mr. Brooks, "this is very remarkable: but pray at what age did you lose your sight?"?

"When I was a youth of seventeen," he replied. "My father was a stone-cutter in the city of Bristol. I was brought up to the same trade. My leisure hours were devoted to the improvement of my mind; my greatest pleasure was to walk

in the country, to admire the beautiful scenes of nature, and to gather the various plants which I met with in my rambles. Sometimes I took a favourite author as the companion of my excursion, and while my acquaintance were amusing themselves with the diversions of the town, I withdrew, to enjoy the fine description of a poet, amidst scenes in unison with the subject of my author.

"One very oppressive evening in July I left the city to obtain a little relaxation, and seated myself upon the bank, to examine at my leisure the structure of a flower that I had gathered; when a flash of lightning struck me to the ground, and for a few minutes deprived me of my senses. Upon recovering, I found myself in total darkness. Judge, Sir, what must have been my sensations at that moment—All that I now delighted in, for ever shut from my view!—My books—my flowers—my country rambles—my daily occupation in the working house, must now all be resigned, said I; and despair

had nearly overwhelmed me. The storm grew heavy; I was no longer able to guide myself, and I remained immoveable on the spot. At length a countryman passed in a cart, who, observing me, stopped to inquire if I was ill. I related the accident that had befallen me, and the man immediately conveyed me home. Various means were tried to restore my sight, but in vain-never more shall I behold the light of day. My sorrow was extreme. At length a young man, in order to alleviate my distress, proposed reading to me an hour every day in any book I should select. To this I gratefully assented, and the youth took out a volume, with the style of which I was much pleased. To a passage in that work I am deeply indebted. It was this- The courage that makes us rush on to meet destruction. is the courage only of a single moment. There is a species of courage more rare, and more necessary, which enables us daily to support the ills of life, without a witness and without praise. What I mean is patience. It rests not on the opinion of another, but on the will of God. Patience is the courage of virtue.'

" Patience,' I repeated to myself continually; and with patience at length I became consoled. But I had more to suffer. My father became a bankrupt, and died shortly afterwards. A very trifling income had been bequeathed to me, a few years previous to this event, by a relation, and this was my sole support. I resolved therefore to attempt the instruction of youth in reading and arith metic, I engaged a person to teach writing, and took up my abode in this little town: the scenes around it are familiar to me, and I can still derive pleasure from traversing a path that I could once behold. In a few months I obtained several scholars, and, faithful to my consoling sentence, I constantly retained my Patience with the wayward, the indolent, and the obstinate. I have been amply recompensed by the esteem of my neighbours, and the affection of my pupils,

but tenfold more by the peace of mind that I have enjoyed.

"In order to detect the errors of my young people, I invented a variety of plans, and my memory has become extremely retentive by constant use. I know by rote the contents of most of the volumes that are used in my school. I can walk to the distance of three or four miles without attendance, and I work occasionally in my garden. Sometimes I play on the flute, as I sit in this little porch of an evening, or collect the young folks of the neighbourhood on the grassplat before the door, and play a sprightly air, while they enjoy a dance. And now, Sir," said Mr. Stone, "allow me to ask the favour of your company to breakfast, for your attention must be wearied. and you need some refreshment." The traveller would have excused himself, alleging that his breakfast was prepared at the inn. He was, however, persuaded to stay, and when he took leave of his new acquaintance, assured him that he should in future look forward with great pleasure to a repetition of his visit. On returning to the inn, he informed the landlord with whom he had breakfasted, and proposed paying for the repast he had ordered. But this the host refused, saying, "I owe too much to Mr. Stone, ever to serve his friends thus. He has changed my son's nature, I could almost say. No, Sir, I cannot receive any thing." The gentleman soon after took his departure, much gratified with the events of the morning; and never afterwards failed to visit the school-master of Windsor when he passed through the town.





FALSE HONOUR.

In the church of Milton, a town in Shropshire, there is a tablet erected to the memory of a young man, who died in the prime of life, a victim to false principles and evil example. The inscription informs the reader, that he fell in an action with a French frigate, fighting bravely in defence of his country. "Bravely" he did contend, for he fought as one who despises life; but the defence of his country had no place in Frederic Hanmore's thoughts: he wished to die, for he believed there was neither honour,

fortune, nor happiness remaining for him,

His father was a man of large property, who resided in the neighbourhood of Milton; and, having little inclination to superintend the education of his son, he sent him to school.

In the holidays, Frederic was permitted to associate with the butler and footman, who, for mere want of employment, often amused themselves with playing at cards or dice. To please their young master, they dismissed the cards for marbles, or any other game he chose. Frederic, who had been accustomed to win money of his school-fellows, did not hesitate to take it from the servants; and the men, in their turn, thought it but just that he should pay them.

Frederic was continually in the servants' hall; he was devoted to every game of chance, and lamented deeply the necessity of his return to school.

As he advanced in years he became a complete gamester. His studies were

neglected, he sought no other companions than young men of similar inclinations. He emulated their manners, he drank to excess, frequently to drown the recollection of the sums he squandered away nightly.

His father remonstrated in vain; but, jealous of his son's honour, supplied him with money to pay his gaming debts, while the tradesmen he employed were suffered to apply in vain for their just due. "Frederic Hanmore is a man of honour," was a phrase that frequently resounded in his ear. He believed it was a virtue immediately to discharge the debts he contracted at the gaming table; but the payment of a tradesman's bill was, in his opinion, a matter of little consequence. With the utmost coolness, he would order an extravagant suit of clothes, while he knew he was a debtor to the same person for a considerable sum which he had no prospect of paying. But the sight of an associate to whom he had the night before lost a few hundreds,

made him shrink back with shame, and he was not easy, until, at all events, he had redeemed his honour, as he termed it.

He forgot, or perhaps had never been taught, that to waste the best days of his life in sauntering, during the morning, along the street of the metropolis, without an object to engross his thoughts, and to pass half the hours destined for repose amid the turbulent gaiety of a tavern, or the destructive amusements of a gaminghouse, was to lose his honour, his respectability, his happiness.

A succession of losses, frequently to a great amount, at length provoked his father, who refused to afford him further supplies. This disgrace was not to be endured. He fancied that it was impossible to see the persons to whom he stood so deeply indebted, particularly one young man, who had won some thousands of him the night before, and who had always extolled Frederic's honour.

In a state of despair, he went on board

a sloop of war, resolving never more to appear in England. The vessel shortly after attacked a frigate belonging to the enemy, and Frederic, regardless of his life, sought destruction, and fell by the cutlass of the first officer who boarded the vessel.

Such was the consequence of false principles. Had the idea of honour been associated with virtue, how happy might have been the life of Frederic Hanmore.





THE FOUNDLING.

MANY years ago, at a short distance from the town of Crickhowel in Brecknockshire, lived an old man and woman, who had passed the greater part of their lives in the same dwelling, which notwithstanding their solitary situation, was become more pleasant to them from long use, than an abode in the most gay and populous town. In his younger days, the husband had worked as a day-labourer, and, with the help of his wife, had contrived to save a little money, to sup-

port them when age and infirmity should render them incapable of labour. Nor was this foresight useless, for the old cottager was suddenly seized with the palsy, and became almost incapable of moving without assistance. His wife continued to rear a little poultry, which she carried for sale to the neighbouring town, cultivated a few useful herbs in a garden, and even took delight in training a honey-suckle round her window.

Returning one day from market, she sat down on a bank for a few minutes to rest, and count a second time the money she had gained in the morning. In the midst of her calculations, a feeble cry, resembling the voice of an infant, caught her ear. She went immediately to the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, and soon discovered a little child, half covered with leaves, lying under an old oak. The good woman looked, but no person could be seen; she called aloud, supposing those to whom it belonged might have gone to a distance. No reply how-

ever was made to her; the evening was drawing in, and the infant exposed to the chill night air, was in danger of perishing. She resolved therefore to take it home, and tell the circumstances to all she knew on the next market day, that the parents might have some chance of discovering their child, if she had been too hasty in taking him from his bed of leaves.

Upon her return she related her adventure. The old man highly commended his wife for determining not to leave the poor babe; and they began to wish that no parent might appear to claim it. The old man took pleasure in nursing the child, as he sat in the warm sun before the door, whither his wife frequently helped him before she went to her daily business.

The poor woman did not fail to ask the opinion of the good housewives at Crickhowel market, concerning the young foundling.—One assured her, that some persons were so wicked as to steal the chil-

dren of gentlefolks, in order to rob them of their clothes, and then leave them to perish. Another was of opinion, that it belonged to some one in great distress, who had placed it there to excite the pity of some stranger. A third advised her to carry the child to the parish officers, for most probably the parents would never more be heard of, and she might be burthened with him as long as she lived. " As to that," said the old woman, " he will be no burthen, for I begin to love him already,"-" Well, well, Goody," returned the other, if you choose to bring up strange children, do; for my part, I would not be troubled with them : and you may wish, some day or other, that you had taken my advice."

Two or three years passed on. Richard (for so they called the child) grew strong, and took delight in following the good woman to the garden, or to the lanes where she collected sticks for her fire. He gathered daisies, butter-cups, and other wild flowers, which were usual-

ly carried by handfuls to the old man, of whom he was very fond. These flowers the cottager showed him how to tie in nosegays, and taught him their names. As he grew older, the poor man, perceiving how diligently he attended to the vegetables in their garden, desired his wife to bring a few seeds of different plants from the town. These he taught Richard to sow in proper situations, as he sat, as usual, before the door. Sweetpeas, stocks, convolvulus, sweet-williams. mignonette, soon appeared above ground, and mingled their flowers with marjoram, caraway, lavender, rosemary, and southern-wood; and to complete the whole, his kind friend one day presented him with a rose-tree, which she had begged of an acquaintance, on her way from market.

Nothing disturbed Richard's happiness but the occasional loss of his playmates, the chickens, which the woman carried to market when they were large enough. At length he inquired what became of the fowls that she carried away; and was answered, that they were sold to buy bread. The next time he observed preparations for market, Richard brought a few nosegays, prettily arranged, and putting them into the basket, said, "Sell these too, and buy some bread." Pleased with the thought, the old woman readily consented. The flowers were soon disposed of, and Richard received a small loaf, that had been bought with the money. This he immediately divided between his two old friends, nor could he be persuaded to eat any himself.

It frequently happened, that in climbing the steep crags of this mountainous country, Richard met with flowers, unknown to himself or the old cottager. Some of these he cultivated in his garden, from which he could now gather a tolerable quantity of flowers to sell. He accompanied the good old woman to market, carried her basket, and became very useful. His nosegays were so beautiful, that he had generally more customers than flowers to supply them.

One day, during his rambles among the mountains, he was surprised by the appearance of a small, but very beautiful plant in full bloom. It was the only one to be seen; and Richard hesitated whether he should gather it—" I will carry his to market," at length he said, "it may fetch a good deal of money, and I will buy my old father a hat." He surrounded the roots with damp moss, and having placed the plant in the front of his basket, repaired to his usual station. He had not waited long, when a lady, who was a frequent customer, drew near, accompanied by a stranger.

"Is that plant to be sold?" said this stranger eagerly, pointing to the unknown flower.—"Yes, Sir; I found it, this morning, a great way up a hill."—"You have found a treasure," replied the gentleman, "and do not appear to know its value: name your price; it is a new species of a rare Alpine plant." Richard knew nothing about "rare species," or "Alpine plants;" but he told

the gentleman that he wished to get moncy enough to buy his father a hat. This was readily given, and the stranger inquired if he could show him the place where he had found the plant. Richard believed he knew it well; and, having described his own dwelling, the gentleman promised to repair thither early the next morning.

Highly pleased that a gentleman should notice her boy, the old woman set her room in more than usual order: the poor man exchanged his tattered hat for the new one which Richard had bought the night before, and was scarcely seated at the door when the stranger arrived. Much pleased with the neatness of the garden, he yielded to the entreaties of the good woman, and sat down to rest himself. A few inquiries concerning their mode of life encouraged her to relate their little history, and the discovery of their adopted Richard; his endeavours to earn his own subsistence, and his grateful conduct towards them.

"How much," said he to Richard. would make you happy ?" "A field or two, a few sheep, and goats that we may have plenty of milk, and a little larger garden," he replied; "then my father and mother would be certain of support for the rest of their lives, and I should be quite rich."-" These riches," replied the gentleman, "will cost me little to procure for you; land is cheap here, I can afford to purchase the small quantity you need; come now, and point out the spot that will suit you." "But the plant, sir," said Richard; "we have not yet been to the place where it grew." "No matter," replied the gentleman : "I love flowers extremely, but I love a good heart more. I will endeavour to make you comfortable to-day, and tomorrow you shall gratify me, by showing the way to the mountain."

The land and a few sheep were speedily purchased, and Richard put in possession of them.

"Ah, neighbour," said the old woman

to the farmer's wife who had foretold that the foundling would become a burthen to her, "see how mistaken you were; my boy Richard is almost as rich as your husband, and I am to rest as long as I live." The farmer's wife turned away without answering, for she secretly wished that her own children were like Richard.

The gentleman, attended by this grateful youth, ascended the mountain the next day, and having taken a different path, they discovered the plant growing in great profusion. It is difficult to say who felt the greatest pleasure. It is enough that the stranger returned home delighted with the acquisition, and Richard, free from every care, to the culture of his field.





A WINTER EVENING.

RACHAEL and Daniel Carter had been educated from their earliest infancy by their mother, a very intelligent woman. Under her instruction they had become tolerable Latin scholars, and had obtained a general knowledge of history and natural philosophy; and Daniel was occasionally indulged by his uncle in the recreation of Angling.

Mrs. Carter occasionally gave her children a portion of poetry to read, requiring them to point out the different figures of speech, and encouraging them to make inquiries concerning the allusions they did not understand. Rachael was particularly pleased with Milton's "Il Penseroso." With her mother's assistance she was able to understand the imagery and allusions of the poet; till she met with that line where he speaks of the starr'd Ethiop queen.

"Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs', and their powers offended."

Daniel and his sister considered for some time, but could not recollect any ancient tale that was applicable.—"Well," said Mrs. Carter, "so you have forgotten the fable of Cassiopeia."—"Oh, now I recollect something about her," said both the young people at once. "Cassiopeia," continued Mrs. Carter, "was the wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia: she esteemed herself more beautiful than the Nereids, and as a punishment for this presumption, her daughter Andromeda was ordered to be chained to a rock, and

was thus exposed to a sea-monster. Perseus returning through the deserts of Africa, after having cut off Medusa's head, saw the virgin in this distressed condition, slew the monster, and rescued Andromeda. The poets feign that afterwards they were all turned into constellations."

"How I should admire to see the whole family assembled in the heavens," said Daniel; "do you know the constellations, mother?" "Yes," she replied, "and I intend in a few days to instruct you in the use of the globes. I have long wished you to gain some information on the subject, but have not hitherto found time to enter with you upon a new study. However, you will not lose by this delay, as you now can comprehend what you learn more easily."

In the course of a month, the young people, who had eagerly applied to the study, were tolerably well acquainted with the terrestrial globe. They were much pleased with finding the hours of the day or night in different parts of the world at the same point of time; and they could measure distances with the quadrant of altitude, or tell the bearings of one place to another with considerable accuracy.

Again they questioned their mother concerning the constellations; she promised, if the following evening proved fine, to point them out on the celestial globe, and then show their places in the heavens.

The next day the children were anxious lest in the evening the sky should be over-cast, and they anticipated the high gratification they should derive from an acquaintance with 'he brilliant stars that appeared nightly in the wide horizon around their dwelling. The afternoon was employed in examining those grotesque forms which are painted on the celestial globe. The figure of Perseus holding Medusa's head caught the attention of Rachael, and she soon discovered the whole family grouped together near the north pole. "More to the south is

Pegasus, the flying horse," observed Mrs. Carter; "he is said to have sprung from the blood that streamed from Medusa's head."

The night soon began to approach, but to the sorrow of the young people, not a star twinkled through the dark cloud that overspread the heavens. They frequently ran out into the garden to see if the weather was altered, but to no purpose .-In vain had Mrs. Carter rectified the globe for the proper latitude, day and hour: in vain had she turned the needle in the pedestal, to the exact point of the compass, that the stars pointed on the globe might answer more accurately to the real stars in the heavens-all was in vain. the brilliant Orion, and all the spangled firmament, was concealed by one entire cloud. Time after time they looked from the window, but all was hidden from them

They now despaired of succeeding that night. Rachael consoled herself by practising her lesson on the piano-forte, and soon afterwards Daniel brought his flute and they played many favorite airs in concert. This pleased them so much. that they would have forgotten to look out for the stars again, had not Mrs. Carter called them to the window-and behold—the cloud had disappeared, and the sky shone in all its beauty. They now sallied forth, their mother told them in what direction to look for the polar star. and showed them Cepheus and his family. She then pointed out Orion, that brilliant constellation in the south; it forms a large irregular square with the stars, smaller than the others, in the middle, in a sloping direction; these are called the three kings, or the belt of Orion, and by their direction point out to us on one side Sirius the dog star, and on the other Pleiades or the seven stars. The latter are on the north-west of Orion, closely massed together; they are on the back of another constellation called Taurus (the Bull), and are almost in a direct line from Sirius through Orion's belt. Sirius

is that large star distinguishable from any other by its sparkling and brightness; it is on the south-east side of Orion. "But come," said Mrs. Carter, "we shall all take cold if we remain longer in the air; let us return into the parlour, and I will show you the use of placing the globe in that direction which you saw me doing this evening."

"Now," continued the lady, "find on the globe any particular star you wish to know." Aldebaran, the Bull's Eve, was found. She directed them to look to the very point in the heavens, that a line drawn from the star on the globe would reach, could it possibly be extended to a sufficient length. Accordingly they drew an imaginary line from the star on the globe to the corresponding point in the heavens; there they discovered a large star, lying not far distant from the Pleiades; and Mrs. Carter assured them it was really Aldebaran. "To-morrow," said their mother, "you shall repeat this problem, and you will find the whole secret consists in rectifying the globe for the latitude of the place where you live, setting the index to the exact hour of the night, and attending to the variations of the needle."

They now ceased their observations for the night, though with some reluctance; but when they retired to their sleeping rooms they cach took a peep again at Orion, Aldebaran and Sirius.

Thus passed a winter evening in the depth of the country—whether with more real enjoyment than those which are passed away in what are usually termed amusements, is left to the decision of the reader—but by Rachael and her brother no amusement was afterwards so highly prized, as finding the names of the beautiful objects which the evening presented to their sight. Their mother presented them with a telescope, through which they frequently looked. Some months after, they entered on the study of Geometry; and to draw circles, triangles, and other

geometrical figures became another favourite occupation.

When Rachael and Daniel were grown up, few young people were better informed, and what is more desirable, none were more modest and unassuming.



at in the a county openin being more officer. The first of the first o





THE NEGRO BOY.

Mr. SIMPSON was a respectable merchant who traded to the West Indies, whence he imported a variety of articles, that are produced in great plenty in that country; such as cotton, tobacco, logwood, which is used in dyeing; mahogany from the woods of Honduras; cochineal that produces a fine scarlet colour; various kinds of drugs; and sugar, that useful substance, which is extracted by negroes from a reed called the sugarcane.

Circumstances obliged Mr. Simpson to take a voyage to the island of Jamaica,

where he remained some years, leaving in England, his wife, and one son, named Alfred. This gentleman was very humane: the situation of the poor slaves very much excited his pity, and frequently roused his indignation against the persons who presided over their labours.

In his walks about this beautiful island, he frequently passed the huts of the negroes, one of which particularly drew his attention from the neatness of its appearance.

Walking one morning early near this dwelling, he heard sounds of lamentation, which seemed to proceed from it. He resolved to enter, and found a woman almost expiring, stretched on the floor, with a boy of about ten years old beside her, weeping loudly. Mr. Simpson inquired the cause of the distress he saw, and the negro woman, endeavouring to exert herself, informed him that her husband had been unjustly accused of theft, and notwithstanding his former good conduct, had been so dreadfully punished by the over-

seer of the plantation, that he fell ill, and died the day before. "Me no body left to comfort me now," said she, and seizing the hands of her child, fell into convulsions. Mr. Simpson went in search of assistance, and met with a negro, who attended him to the hut. Help was no longer necessary; the poor African was no more sensible to the white man's cruelty or benevolence.

The forlorn condition of the child, who still kept his place behind his dead mother, strongly moved Mr. Simpson's pity; he resolved to purchase him, and in a gentle tone of voice he asked the child if he would go with him. This the little negro refused; and Mr. Simpson, having learned the name and abode of the owner, went thither in order to obtain the child, resolving to give any price that might be named. The bargain was soon completed: he returned to the but, and found that the boy had fallen asleep. It was then deemed proper to remove him, and his new master's kindness easily reconciled him to the change of his situation.

Soon after this occurrence Mr. Simpson returned to his native country, taking the young African with him, whom he called James. Alfred was much rejoiced to see his father, and welcomed James very cordially. He soon undertook to instruct him in reading, often smiling at his foreign accent, and endeavouring to make him pronounce different words with propriety. As a reward for his diligence, Alfred sometimes read an entertaining story to his pupil, who took great delight in listening to his young master.

James's usual occupation was the cultivation of the garden under the direction of his master; and he frequently declared his preference for the English peas and beans, to the fields of sugar-canes that he had been accustomed to see. Hay-making and harvest-time were periods of high pleasure to him. "All men free in England," he frequently observed, "no whips for slaves are to be seen; they leave off work at dark, and master gives them plenty of money." Nothing could exceed

his joy at the harvest-feast. He mounted the last load, adorned as it usually is with branches of oak; waved his hat in triumph, singing in his own language. At supper he placed himself behind his master, who did the honours of the table on that night; and though the labourers all took their seats according to ancient custom, James would be cup-bearer to the whole company. In the dance that succeeded, he displayed his natural agility, and having obtained a tambourine, on which he had learned to play a little, he flourished amid the dancers, much to the diversion of the company.

The appearance of the country in winter was another source of wonder—the river at the bottom of the garden converted into a solid mass of ice, the face of the earth covered with snow, the trees bare, the plants either destroyed or dwindled down to the root; the birds, that he had listened to with much pleasure in the summer, collected in numbers upon the hedges by the way-side, silent, and pinched

with the cold. "Ah! master, what shall we do now ?" said he, "no more flowers, no more wheat !" Mr. Simpson assured him that in a few months the country would become more beautiful than in summer: new green leaves would appear upon the trees, flowers unknown to him bloom on the hedge-banks, and that when the snow was melted by the sun, he would perceive the young blades of wheat in the furrows that had been preserved by the snow itself from any injury. James always gave implicit belief to his master's predictions; for he had taken great pains to remove his fears, and he always found his assertions prove true. Alfred was rather more incredulous: he preferred his own judgment to his father's, when it chanced to interfere with his inclination, though he frequently experienced the ill effects of his rashness.

While the frost continued, this youth was confined to the house by illness, which he was continually regretting, as it deprived him of his favourite amusement—

skaiting. By the time he had recovered. the severity of the weather abated; it was unsafe to venture on the ice, and Mr. Simpson particularly advised his son to forbear the attempt. "I will go down to the river and try, at least," said Alfred, when his father had left his garden; "I shall not even have one slide this season," James, who had heard the prohibition, perceived his young master directing his course to the water, and knowing that he sometimes acted contrary to his father's commands, he began to fear that he was inclined to do so in the present instance. He followed at a distance. Alfred stood on the bank a few moments: he tried the ice with one foot,-it seemed firm; he then trusted himself entirely upon it, and by the time James had reached the spot, he was sliding with high delight.

"Look here, James," said Alfred, as he balanced himself with both arms: "is not this fine sport?" "Here I go," cried he, taking a longer run than before.—
The ice in this part of the river instantly

gave way with a loud crash; Alfred struggled for a moment to recover his feet, and then sunk in the water. James immediately plunged in after him, and with much difficulty succeeded in dragging him to the bank. "Ah! master told you not to go," said he, half reproachfully, as soon as he could speak; master always says right." He then took Alfred upon his back, and in that manner conveyed him, dripping with water, to the house. Notwithstanding the care that was taken, Alfred suffered a severe illness in consequence of his imprudence, and poor James caught a violent cold. The approbation of his master and mistress, their thanks, and their kindness, more than compensated the good-hearted African for the injury he suffered; and his satisfaction was complete, on hearing Alfred at last assent to his assertion, that "master always knew best."



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Julius Mason was the son of a very rich man, who lived in great style, and endeavoured to be happy by indulging in all the foolish pomp of dress and equipage that his fortune enabled him to command. But he had mistaken the path that leads to happiness—his grandeur fatigued him—his luxurious table was a fruitful source of satiety and disease—his servants were a continual trouble to him from their ill conduct and extravagance; though it ought not to be expected, that servants

will be regular in their behaviour, when their superiors offer an example totally opposite to these desirable qualifications.

His son was brought up with the expectation of inheriting a large fortune; he paid little attention to his studies while he was at school, and regarded his residence at the University merely as a thing necessary to the son and heir of a gentleman.

When he left college to reside constantly in his father's house, he purchased a number of horses, and became extravagantly fond of hunting. He delighted in leaping the highest gates, or widest ditches, that opposed his progress, notwithstanding the admonitions of his less enterprising companions, who frequently exclaimed, "Julius, look before you leap." But Julius never failed to reproach them with cowardice, and to applaud his own superior skill.

In one of these hunting-parties, Julius and the huntsmen were separated from the company, and found themselves in a field surrounded with a stone wall of a

considerable height. At this moment most of his companions, having lost sight of the game they were pursuing, came up with him, and, upon perceiving the wall, would have returned by the way they came. "Stay, stay," cried Julius, "we can leap this fence well enough." The gentlemen all declared it would be dangerous to attempt it. This made the wild young man more determined to show his prowess, and he protested that he would prove that there was no danger. Every one endeavoured to dissuade him from making the attempt, but in vain. "But look before you leap, at any rate, Sir," cried a huntsman, "see what is on the other side of the wall, or let me ride round and inform you." The latter part of the speech was not heard .- Julius was spurring his horse violently, and rushed forwards. The horse barely cleared the wall, but threw his rider many yards beyond it into a deep pit. His limbs were broken, and he was so miserably bruised, that his companions believed he was killed

on the spot. The horse was so much injured, that he died in a few hours.

Julius was carried home senseless—every possible care was taken of him, but in vain; he expired the same night, a sad example of rashness, and a proof how necessary it is to remember the old proverb——

"Look before you leap."





INDOLENCE.

"Look, cousin Robert," said Hannah West, a little girl of nine years old; "look, my uncle has given me this pretty book; there is a long account of the bees in it: he says I shall be able to watch them, while I am here. Oh, how charming it is to be in the country; I wish I could always live with my uncle and aunt, rather than pass the half year at school. Then I would have a little garden of my own, with flowers, radishes, and salad in

it: I would work as hard as John does." "What use is there in that?" replied Robert, idly folding his arms; "why should you take the trouble to work, when you can have your radishes and salad ready on the table, by giving orders for them? As to flowers, I would not stoop to gather the finest that ever grew." "Ah, you care for nothing but eating," said Hannah. "I like cakes very well too, but one cannot eat all day, and then how comfortable it is to saunter about. I am often glad to leave off learning my lessons, for I do not understand much about them: but when I can get a pretty book to read, the time runs away so fast, that I am quite surprised." Robert looked astonished; " Time run away fast !" said he: " I wish my time did not hang so heavy on my hands, I know. Go, Hannah, fetch me some cake from the parlour closet, dinner will not be ready yet." "Why, cannot. you walk to the house ?" returned the little girl; "you want something to do." "I dislike the trouble," he replied, sitting

down on a bench, and yawning. Hannah, unwilling to disoblige him, ran briskly for the cake, and on her return sat down beside her cousin, secretly wishing he might bestow a piece upon her. But the greedy boy quickly devoured the whole, and Hannah solaced herself for the disappointment, by looking over her new book. At length she met with a short account of her favourite insect, and having read a few lines, she turned round to look at Robert, who was almost asleep. "Shall I read to you? oh do let me, it is quite amusing," she said; and without waiting for a further reply, began as follows:—

"As soon as the plants begin to flower, the inhabitants of the hive put themselves in motion: the greater part of the labourers take wing, and disperse themselves through the neighbourhood in search of honey and wax; the former of which is a sweet limpid juice, found in the nectaries of flowers, and the latter is made by the bees, from the dust contained within the

anthers of blossoms. These different materials are brought to the hive; and the labourers in waiting take the wax, and form of it those little hexagonal cells which serve as store-houses for the honey, or nests for their young: the honey is partly distributed for present food to the inhabitants, and the remainder laid up against winter. While the labourers are thus engaged, the queen begins to deposit her eggs, to the number of about two hundred each day in the empty cells: the eggs being soon hatched into a little white grub, increases the employment of the labourers, to whom is allotted the task of feeding it with the purest honey: when it has attained its full size, the mouth of its habitation is closed up with wax, it becomes a chrysalis, and in a few days breaks through its waxen covering, being changed into a perfect bee, and instantly quits the hive in search of honey for the public store."

Here she was interrupted by the snoring of her cousin, whom she had read to sleep; and wondering at his strange behaviour, she went into the house.

The parents of this little girl died when she was about six years old, and left her to the care of a guardian, by whom she was placed at a reputable boarding-school, and during the holidays she usually passed a short time with her relations in the coun-Her cousin Robert had lately arrived from the West Indies, for the purpose of receiving a liberal education; but the habit of idleness, which he had contracted while he was a child, rendered useless every attempt to instruct him. In vain his uncle remonstrated, and his aunt persuaded; neither could prevail with him to write or read. It was frequently noon before he arose, and seldom was his face washed, or his apparel fit to be seen, at the hour of dinner. The youth knew he should possess a large fortune, which, in his opinion, rendered it wholly unnecessary to acquire knowledge. It was a subject of much surprise to Robert, that little Hannah was continually gay, amused with every trifle that fell beneath her notice, and always satisfied with whatever was given to her at dinner; while he felt a heavy weight oppressing him, derived no amusement from surrounding objects, and was perpetually displeased with what he thought the inattention of his friends.

The young persons with whom he was acquainted found little pleasure in his company; for he was too indolent to attempt playing at any game, and generally sat still, while they amused themselves with some active sport.

One afternoon during Hannah's visit, the family was invited to the house of a neighbouring lady; and Robert agreed to walk thither, secretly influenced by the certainty that rich cakes would be plentifully produced. When they had proceeded about half way, a heavy shower of rain fell, and

Hannah, with her uncle and aunt, ran quickly to seek shelter in a house, which they saw at no great distance. But Robert, totally heedless of the rain, continued the same slow pace; while Hannah, who at first had dragged him by the arm to make him run, often looked back, and beckoned with her hand. The shower was over when this idle boy reached the cottage; but his clothes were wet through, and his aunt, fearing that he would take cold, obliged him to put on those which the good woman of the house had offered. "You cannot proceed with us," said she, "return home, Robert, you are justly punished for your idleness." Robert felt somewhat mortified, for he remembered the cake. "Very well," said he, "I shall stay here till my clothes are dry;" the rest of the party then left the cottage.

Overcome with weariness, Robert now sauntered into the adjoining field, and sat down for some time on a wet bank, till at length he grew hungry, and without taking leave of the poor woman he went home. His friends, on their return, found him shivering over the kitchen fire, and the next morning he was extremely ill, in consequence of the violent cold he had caught by walking in the rain, and sitting upon the damp ground.

During his illness, Hannah tried every means to amuse her cousin; and her sprightly, affectionate manner gradually attached this insensible boy. At first, he desired her to sit with him, he needed her services; but in time he wished her to remain in the room, from the pleasure he felt in her company. Sometimes she brought him fruit and flowers mingled together, and playfully forbade him to take the former, until he had admired her roses, and geranium blossoms. He suffered her to read to him, at the commencement of his illness, merely to induce repose; but her pleasant voice, and the interest she seemed to take in the story she was reading, at length prompted him to listen.

Hannah soon perceived the change in

Robert's manner: she searched the bookcase for stories, and one day accidentally discovered "The History of Robinson Crusoe." Delighted with the prize, she ran to her cousin, who was then recovering. "Oh my dear Robert," she exclaimed, "see what I have found!" Robert was rather idly disposed at that moment, but he took the volume, and read the title. "Well," said he with great indifference, "am I to hear all that? I care nothing about Robinson Crusoe-What is the matter with you, child?" added he, seeing Hannah ready to weep. "Why," replied she, "I thought you would be so glad to hear Robinson Crusoe; I wanted to read it last half year, but the young lady who had the book refused to lend it to me; and now I have found the very thing I wished, you are not pleased about it." For the first time in his life Robert felt ashamed: he was sorry too that he had vexed Hannah. "Well," said he, " I knew nothing about this Crusoe, but I will listen." The little girl's countenance brightened, and she began to read eagerly.

Robert soon grew interested in the tale; the efforts made by the hero, during his abode in the solitary island, his industry and perseverance, produced a salutary effect on his mind. In a serious conversation with his uncle, he expressed his resolution of attending to his studies, and ardently wished to walk once more in the open air. The physician at length gave permission, and Hannah, skipping at every step, led him to the garden.

Shortly after, a letter arrived to announce the death of Hannah's guardian, and to inform her uncle that she was to remain under his care if he thought proper. To this he willingly consented; and the little girl's joy was complete, though she expressed sorrow for her guardian, observing that he had been very kind to her.

Robert too was pleased, for none could impel him to exertion so much as this little playfellow. In fine, the example of this lively, affectionate child insensibly transformed him into a different character, and in a few years he became a virtuous and intelligent man.





THE PEDLARS.

DONALD and MACPHERSON were two Scotchmen who travelled about the country with goods of various kinds, and gained a decent support for their families, who lived in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.

These men were great friends: they always set out on the journey together; if one was ill and unable to proceed, the other always remained with him. They had travelled many hundred miles in company, and rarely allowed themselves assis-

tance, by mounting the outside of a stage or other vehicle.

One evening as they were going towards a market-town in Northumberland, anticipating the pleasure of seeing their families, and calculating how much they had saved by their last journey, two men on horseback rode up to them, and demanded, in a surly tone, whither they were going. They replied, to the next town, and were walking on, when one of the ruffians seized Donald, and the other Macpherson, ordering them to deliver their money, or they would shoot them through the head. Dreadfully alarmed, they drew out their stock of cash; and Donald had already given up his bag, when the sound of a horn foretold the approach of travellers; the robbers remounted their horses and rode furiously away; leaving Macpherson's money behind. The coach soon came up to them, and the passengers, much terrified at the account they heard, question ed the guard concerning his pis-DDD

tols and ammunition, and desired that the Scotchmen might ride on the outside till they came to the town, that they might give notice, if the robbers should make their appearance. Nothing, however, occurred; and the travellers having thanked the passengers, who had helped them on their way, went to a little inn in the same town.

When they were alone, Macpherson drew out his money, counted it into two equal portions, and put one aside, saying, "That belongs to my wife." He then divided the remaining sum, and pushed half of it across the table to Donald, who sat melancholy by the fire, unmindful of his companion, and thoughtful only of his recent loss. The noise that Macpherson made in moving the money awakened his attention; and Macpherson said, "This half is mine, that is yours, friend Donald; we always go shares, you know, lad." Donald looked surprised. "No, no, I will not have it," said he, "I thank you

heartily, I cannot take it." "What," answered Macpherson, "we that have travelled for seven years together in hot and cold, sometimes wet to the skin, sometimes overcome with heat and weariness shall not we help one another in distress? How many times have you taken care of me, when I have been ill on the road! and I may even have been the cause of your heavy loss, for, had you not waited for me while I finished my business this afternoon, you might have escaped the robbers." No persuasions could induce Donald to receive the money: at length he promised to borrow the sum, if he should need it, and Macpherson bade him good night, half vexed, but still secretly honouring the spirit of his countryman.

The following morning they continued their journey, rather fearful of again encountering the robbers. As the evening advanced, they perceived a heavy storm coming on, and went to ask shelter at a neighbouring cottage. While they were

there, two men on horseback also begged to be admitted. Donald perceived they were the men who had robbed him, and resolved to secure them. He drew his host aside, to inform him whom he had in his house, and to contrive the method of taking them. The cottager proposed to draw them into the stable, and fasten the door till more help could be procured. This was agreed to; and the men were invited to lead their borses under shelter. While they were fastening them to the stall, the cottager suddenly closed the door, and left them in darkness; for the building was little better than an outhouse, and without a window. When the storm abated, Donald hastened to the next village, and having given the alarm, he soon obtained a constable and others to assist. The stable-door was then unfastened, and the robbers were seized. Donald's money was found upon them; and the justice committed them to gaol, to take their trial for the robbery at the next assizes.

Highly delighted at having recovered his money, Donald returned with his friend and fellow-traveller to their home; where, having invited the two families to meet at supper, he related the adventures of the journey, as they sat round their cheerful fire.

Donald and Macpherson continued to travel the same road, and were never after annoyed by robbers. They lived to be very old men, and remained good friends till their death.





LIEUTENANT HARTLEY.

LIEUTENANT HARTLEY was the name of a disabled officer, who lived in the village of Eyam on the High Peak, Derbyshire. He had made this retired spot his residence, after having suffered in foreign countries all the hardships and distresses of war. He had served under General Wolf in America, and had been present at the siege of Quebec—but unfortunately, in a skirmish with the enemy, he was so severely wounded in the leg, that the surgeon belonging to his regiment found

amputation necessary. When he could bear the voyage, he returned to England, being wholly unfit for farther service.

In London he had left a wife and child; and the half pay allowed to disabled officers was the only means of providing for them that he now possessed. Therefore, immediately on his arrival, he retired into the country with his wife and little son. They found a vacant cottage; and, humble as it appeared, were glad to find themselves free from the galling dependence they must have incurred by petitioning those in power for relief.

They were both well educated, and had been influenced in the choice of this village by descriptions of its beauty and retired situation. They were not disappointed in their hopes of finding a cheap and peaceful asylum in this place, and, though deeply afflicted with their present misfortunes, they enjoyed intervals of comfort. The Lieutenant was well skilled in drawing, and this talent afforded them some emolument, for they often

made short excursions round the village, and, when a view remarkably striking caught their attention, a sketch was taken. These landscapes were sent to an engraver at a neighbouring town, and, though very moderate payment was received, yet in their circumstances it was a fortunate resource.

The little George, unconscious of his parent's distress, frolicked about at full liberty: he remembered the dirt and smoke of London, and pleased himself with comparing his present with his former abode. His parents encouraged this fondness for the country; his attention was drawn to the objects round. The flowers and the trees were sources of perpetual amusement; he delighted to repeat their names as he walked with his mother. One day, as the Lieutenant and his wife were sitting in their little parlour, George ran joyfully into the room, holding something in his hand. "What can this be, father! What is this blue stone?" His father, having examined it,

told him it was a piece of Derbyshire-spar, or what the miners called "blue John."

This little incident was the occasion of a long conversation between George and his parents, who endeavoured to explain the nature of minerals. "Every substance," said the Lieutenant, "that is dug out of the earth, is mineral; all metallic ores are also classed among minerals. Some springs of water contain a portion of different minerals, and are accordingly termed mineral waters." "This country," added Mrs. Hartley, "is celebrated for its mineral productions; besides the spar you found this morning, many curious productions are almost peculiar to it. Sometimes beautiful petrifactions are discovered; these, when polished, are formed into various kinds of vases and other ornaments, with which rich people adorn their houses. Metals are also found in the Peak: you know that is the name of the mountain upon which our village stands?" "No," said George, "I did not, I have often heard you and papa mention the

Peak, but never asked what was meant by this word 'Peak.' Neither do I know the name of that pretty little stream, on whose banks we find so many flowers." "That is the Derwent," was the answer; "that little river flows on, and at last becomes a wide stream; far from where we live, it falls into another river, much larger than itself, and is thus carried to the ocean, after flowing through many towns and villages." "But the metals, mother,-you say this mountain affords metals. Is lead found here?" "Yes, and iron too. Another production, with which you are unacquainted, is also met with in this neighbourhood; this is Calamine, the ore of Zinc. Combined with copper, it composes the artificial compound brass; Zinc, after it is separated from the ore, is used in the composition of pinchbeck, queen's metal, &c. Lower down the mountain lime is burned. Coals are also found on the eastern side, and in some districts quarries of marble are worked." "Well," said George, " I am glad that I know the name of the mountain, and the little river." The father then took up a map of England, showed him the Derwent, rising in the High Peak, and at length falling into the Trent, on the borders of Leicestershire. He pointed out the course of the Trent, and marked its exit into the Humber. After a little conversation concerning Buxton and Matlock, both so celebrated on account of their warm mineral waters, the father, perceiving that George's attention began to wander, pursued the subject no farther, and sent him to gather cresses from the stream.

In this manner several years were passed. Nothing was neglected that could tend to the improvement of George; and well did the little youth improve these advantages.

But, as George grew older, he perceived that something preyed on the spirits of both father and mother, especially when they were led to allude to the future. This anxiety increased, and George began to be very uneasy. His parents

evidently avoided any conversation of the kind in his presence; and though George had scarcely passed his twelfth year, he was sufficiently aware of the impropriety of trying to discover what he perceived they wished to conceal.

One evening his father was sitting at the door of the cottage, thinking deeplya slight noise caused him to turn his head, and in doing this he perceived the affectionate child looking with tearful eyes in his father's face. "My dear child," said the Lieutenant, "I have much to say to you; come near me, and listen attentively." He then related many of the circumstances that had befallen, and briefly explained their present situation. "It is not the loss of wealth that I lament," pursued the father, "but, my dear child, you are without provision for your future support. Friendless and destitute as your parents are, they know not in what manner even to enable you to procure a maintenance for yourself. This is the cause of the

grief you must often, I doubt not, have perceived-to reflect that, when we are no more, our child will be without a friend." He had scarcely ended, when a heavy shower forced them to retire within doors. A few minutes after a gentleman approached the door, and requested shelter from the rain. This was willingly granted, and the stranger seated himself beside the Lieutenant; he looked round the room with surprise, its contents sufficiently revealed the polished attainments of the inhabitants. "Have you lived long in this cottage?" asked the stranger. "About six years," was the reply. After some farther conversation, the gentleman expressed a wish to become more acquainted with the solitary family; and after having given an invitation to his house, which was situated at some little distance from the cottage, he took his leave much gratified with the incident. The name of the stranger was Smith, and he possessed considerable estates in the neighbourhood.

They became intimately acquainted in the course of some months, and one day, Mr. Smith, among other subjects, casually mentioned that, as his health was on the decline, he would willingly resign the farm he had been accustomed to cultivate himself, in favour of some person in whom he could confide; adding that he would either part with the stock, or receive a larger annual rent, as might best suit the convenience of the tenant. "Will you accept of me as that tenant?" said the Lieutenant, eagerly; "I can give you no securityexcept my honour." "Say nothing of security," replied Mr. Smith: "I am convinced that you will never act contrary to your honour, and I willingly accede to the proposal. I must now return homedine with me to-morrow, and we will settle the terms."

The welcome intelligence was soon communicated to the rest of the little family. "Now neither my father nor my mother will ever look so sorrowful again, and I shall be a farmer—Oh I am very happy;" and taking his mother's hand, he wept loudly, for he indeed felt happy.

The business was soon completed— Lieutenant Hartley spent a long and useful life in the charming village which he had selected as a retreat in his misfortunes.



20%

the state of the second of the first of the state of the state of the second of the se

Letelin a occurrent it cities on the season of the season



Supplies to the Supplies of th

Mallore Parks and State of the State of the



THE MISER.

"Do pray, Mr. Barnwell, bestow a few shillings upon me, my children are starving, I have not a penny in the world to buy them bread; I have sold my furniture, and my clothes, before I ventured to ask your charity." "Begone, woman," replied a sharp voice, "I have nothing for you, why don't you work for your living?" "Indeed, sir," replied the poor female, who was earnestly endeavouring to excite compassion, "indeed

I have walked all round the town, but there is no work to be had; do bestow a trifle upon me, I am your relation, and I would not turn common beggar if it could be avoided." "I will give you nothing," said the same shrill voice; and the door of the room whence it issued was closed with violence.

The person who had made this reply, was at the very moment busied in counting a large sum, in silver and gold, which had been secreted in a chest for many years, and was taken out merely for the pleasure of beholding it. He lived in a small room almost without furniture, allowed himself no other fuel than the sticks he could collect from the hedges; and subsisted on bread, a few potatoes, and occasionally a little milk. He was supposed to be worth several thousand pounds, yet deprived himself of the common comforts of life, and to the distresses of the poor it is already evident that he paid not the slightest attention.

The poor woman whom he had repulsed so rudely was a widow, with a family of four children, who supported herself and them by weaving. The scarcity of work had reduced her to great distress, and she was compelled by the wants of her children to appeal to the humanity of Mr. Barnwell.

Overcome with sorrow, she sat down on the step at the door, and wept bitterly, hiding her face with her hands. She had not remained long, when William Crawford, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, passed; struck with her appearance, he inquired what was the matter. She told him in a few words. William was a generous-hearted lad, but a little inclined to mischief; he had long wished to play a trick with the old miser, as he was called, and his recent inhumanity . was a plausible pretext. " Here are six shillings," said he ; " if I had not been so foolish yesterday as to buy a whip that I did not want, you might have had half a guinea; how long will that money last

you ?" "Oh, a week, young gentleman, I thank you : it will keep us from starving for a week, and perhaps, I may earn a trifle." She immediately arose, and curtsying humbly to William, was running homewards, when he stopped her to inquire where she lived. "I want to know, also," continued William, " how your old cousin spends his time." "Of late," said the woman, " he has taken to fishing, because he grudges to spend a few pence for potatoes. I have seen him sitting for hours upon the bank of the river, but I believe he catches nothing more than a few gudgeons." She thanked William again, and hastened away.

"Now." said William to Henry Bowles, who met him shortly afterwards, "now for some fine sport with that old fellow, the miser Barnwell; he goes fishing every day, let us disturb his sport by throwing stones into the river just where he stands." "Excellent!" cried the other, "but you must wait till next week, for I am going into the country

with my brother for a few days; promise that you will not begin till I return." William readily gave his word, and his companion was satisfied, for William Crawford was never known to break his word.

Four days passed, he received his weekly allowance, and sought the dwelling of Barnwell's relation. He was directed to a room on the second story, where he found her making balls of leather. "Oh, sir," she said, "I have been able to carn a shilling, by selling these balls about the streets," "But your stock of cash must be exhausted," observed William, "you had materials to buy," "I have enough for to-day," said she, almost weeping at the recollection that "to-morrow" must provide for itself.

William put down half a crown, and desired her to make three dozen balls, which he assured her he could easily dispose of, and left the room.

The poor woman carried her work to William the next evening, who having received them, carried the basket into the drawing room, where several young ladies and gentlemen were assembled, to celebrate the birth-day of his eldest sister. and were at that moment regaling themselves with cakes and fruit. "What have you there?" said one of the guests. "The work of a poor widow who is starving. I come to ask you all to become purchasers of this merchandize," added he, putting the basket on his head, and marching up and down the room, exclaiming, "Balls! who will buy a ball?" then in a lower tone, bowing to the company, he continued-" pray take pity upon the children of a poor widow, you know not how hard it is to want bread !" " Give me half a dozen," said one, "and me," cried a second and a third. "I must have the remainder," observed the sister of William, taking the basket and presenting a ball to each of the younger guests. " Huzza !" said William, as he

received the money, "three shillings!"
—"Let us make it five amongst us,"
said a young lady of the party. Several
sixpences were instantly put into William's hand, who capered with joy about
the room. "Thank you all, girls and
boys, here are seven shillings!" and
away he ran.

Eliza Crawford followed. "Brother," said she, "I must fill that basket with food. The hunger of the poor children must be satisfied with our provision tonight. It makes me sad to think that any person is in want of bread, while we are feasting on the dainties my mother provided on my account." Good meat and bread were then put into the basket, and William desired Eliza to go with him to the hall, where the poor woman waited his return. "No," said she, "I do not want thanks, it is sufficient that when I lead the next dance, I can repeat to myself, the widow's children are not starving to-night."

William however could not forbear telling the history of the seven shillings, and the contents of the basket. "I am so glad!" said he, "you are richer than that old niggard Barnwell, who has not the heart to spend a shilling." The woman departed much affected with this unexpected kindness; and William danced during the remainder of the evening with high delight.

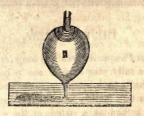
Upon Henry Bowles's return, the proceedings against Mr. Barnwell were commenced. They watched his hour of fishing, and stationed themselves on the opposite side of the river among some willows, whence they threw stones every minute. At first the old gentleman thought it was a fish jumping, and eagerly threw in his line, to the great diversion of the two boys. He soon discovered his mistake, and changed his place. Still the stones dashed into the water just beneath his fishing-rod, and he perceived the water was disturbed by pebbles, though he could not discover by whom

they were thrown. They continued the sport several days, till unfortunately William, by hurling a large stone with unusual force, struck the old man on the head, and wounded him considerably. Much alarmed, they hastened round and endeavoured to assist him home without attempting to conceal that they had been the cause of his misfortune. The penurious old man refused to apply any remedy; but William ran home to inform his father, who was a surgeon, and brought him immediately to the house. The wound was not dangerous, but it was necessary to provide him with an attendant, and to supply him with nourishment; the latter Mr. Crawford despatched from his own kitchen, and William went in search of the poor widow, who readily consented to watch the man who had refused her relief.

The next day Mr. Crawford inquired into the affair in the presence of Mr. Barnwell, and William plainly related the cause of his frolic. "Why do I not

hear the story of the poor widow?" asked Mr. Crawford, who had already heard the whole from herself. "Oh," said William, "that has very little to do with it, father." "But it has," he replied; "and when Mr. Barnwell has heard of your good action, he will perhaps forgive the unintentional injury that you have done him." "I had rather he would help his poor relation," said William, frowning with indignation upon recollecting his inhumanity. "Well, have patience," replied his father, drawing him out of the room. "Now, William," continued he, as they walked home, "why did you sully your kind action by condescending to such pitiful revenge? Surely it is beneath the boy who appeared in the drawing room as a patron of the widow and fatherless, to play mere tricks clandestinely, at the hazard of injuring his fellow creatures." Here Mr. Crawford left him to enter his study, and William firmly resolved to abstain from future pranks.

The old miser, through the persuasions of his friends, and likewise influenced by the assiduity of his relation, consented, on his recovery, to allow her a weekly stipend; and at his death, he bequeathed her five hundred pounds.





THE INTERVIEW.

James Portland was a young man of very amiable disposition, and peculiarly attached to a country life. In order to obtain information in the farming business, he had taken up his residence, for a few years, with a respectable gentleman in that line; and this occupation, together with his studies in most branches of natural philosophy, employed his time in a manner agreeable to his inclinations.

In order to ascertain the nature of the soil that he cultivated, he performed curi-

ous chemical experiments; to learn the properties of the plants that grew around him, he studied botany; and to employ the evening hours with advantage to himself, and to the amusement of the children of the family in which he resided, he brought forward his celestial globe and his telescope.

With the young people he was a great favourite, for he had always something beautiful or curious to show them, on his return from visiting the fields. Sometimes he showed them how to dissect a flower, or to extract fixed air from chalk.

Occasionally he made inflammable air to inflate a small balloon that he had constructed, and having fastened very long cords to it, they were highly amused with beholding it float in the atmosphere.

One day, as he was gathering herbs near the banks of a river he observed a young man fishing, whose person seemed familiar to him; and supposing he was some old acquaintance, who had come to visit in the neighbourhood, he approached—and found the gentleman was Frank Lewis, with whom he had been on intimate terms when they were both boys at school.

"And so, Mr. James," said Frank, in a supercilious tone, " you have turned farmer, and are going to waste your life in this melancholy village ?" "Waste! do you call it?" returned the other. " Certainly," said Frank, "I would not live in the country for any consideration whatever; I have been here two days, and am already vapoured to death; there is such a horrible stillness in every part, and scarcely any person to be seen, except now and then a labourer returning from his work. Indeed, nothing but the fear of offending an old aunt, who had promised to make me her heir, could have tempted me to come hither. Pray how do you contrive to live, throughout the year, amidst fields and groves?" "I should rather have thought it necessary to ask this question of you, the inhabitant of a town," said James, smiling at the folly of the young man. "As for me, I rise

carly, ride over the grounds before breakfast, sometimes plough for an hour, then return to the house, where all the family are assembled around the fire, in winter time; one of the young people occasionally reads a few pages of an entertaining book, or we talk as we feel ourselves most inclined, and are often very merry." 44 Ah, no more description, I entreat,29 exclaimed Frank, yawning. "Hear how we pass the time in London-have you never been in London ?" "Yes," replied James, "many times, and for many weeks successively." "Well," continued Frank, "I rise about your dinner-hour, breakfast sumptuously upon ham or tongue, and eggs, with tea or chocolate; then repair to the coffee room to read the daily papers; afterwards I walk in the park, with any friend I chance to meet. Our dinner hour is six or seven; I generally go out, or invite a party to the house, we keep it up, drinking or playing, till two or three in the morning, and then retire to rest," The coxcomb was surprised

that his account appeared to make no impression upon his old school-fellow." "Do you not envy me?" said he; "would you not be charmed to exchange your village occupations, for the delights I have been enumerating?" "No," replied James, "they do not seem 'delights' to me. You have been describing a life that I deem useless, and even criminal; so would your father, Frank, were he now alive, to witness your proceedings. How you are changed, since we played together in the church porch, and considered it a high enjoyment to gather black-berries! Your sister Jane too, of whom you used to be so fond, and whose death you so bitterly lamented, would she recognize her little Frank, in the fine gentleman I now address ?" " Nonsense !" replied he contemptuously; " surely such trifles are not worth remembrance. My sister was a good kind of girl, I recollect; she would have made me a clever housekeeper." " I wish," returned James, much disgusted at his unfeeling manner, "that the important actions of our riper years may cause us as little pain when we review them."

Frank began to hum a tune; and putting up his fishing tackle, he secretly ridiculed his sensible companion, who, nevertheless, had impressed him with some degree of respect. "Well," said he, "I shall be glad to see you in London; indeed you would do wisely to try the change; I am certain you would think as I do." "I rather believe the contrary," replied James; "but I thank you for the invitation." Here they separated.

Frank returned to his former habits of gaming and luxurious living, and was soon after dangerously wounded in a quarrel that took place respecting a game at billiards. He never wholly recovered his health, and was obliged to withdraw to a warmer climate, where he died in a few years.

James, having acquired a competent knowledge of farming, purchased a valuable estate, and passed his days in the scenes he had always preferred.



PRIDE.

ALCIBIADES was one day boasting of his wealth and immense estates, in the presence of Socrates. This wise Athenian, in order to repress his ostentatious spirit, led him to a map, and desired him to point out Attica. After searching for some time, Alcibiades, with some difficulty, discerned it; Socrates then requested him to look for his own estate; the young man replied that he should not be able to find it, in so small a space. "Why then," replied Socrates, "are you so inflated with pride, concerning a mere point of land?"

It is not only among the great, the noble, or the rich, that this vice is found; those, who least of all persons possess even the semblance of a right to be proud, frequently display no trifling portion of it; even children who are dependent upon all around them for support and assistance, are not far below the Athenian Alcibiades in loftiness of demeanour, and undue selfesteem.

From the mistaken fondness of her parents, Charlotte Freeman early displayed a disposition of this cast. So much attention was paid to every trifling want, or rather to every whim, that she believed herself entitled to the services of any person with whom she was in company; and in the society of her young companions she exhibited such a high, disdainful spirit, that few would willingly associate with her.

The dress of her female acquaintance she continually compared with her own, impertinently inquired the price of each article; and, to mortify the owner, recounted what extravagant sums were expended by her mother to gratify her inclination.

When Charlotte was about twelve years old, she was invited to spend the summer months with a friend of her mother's; and the visit was anticipated with great pleasure by the children of the family. As soon as Charlotte consented to go, numerous preparations were made; and she arrived safely at the house of Mrs. Morley. Alfred and Susan ran into the room to welcome the expected visitor; but the lofty, supercilious manner of the young lady, speedily checked their good-natured freedom.

Charlotte, having examined the dress of her hostess and her daughter, soon found that they were not attired in fashionable, or costly garments, which increased her opinion of her own superiority. Susan stood silent, till her mother desired her to show Miss Freeman the apartment that was prepared for her; and they left the room together. "Dear, how odd ev-

ery thing seems in the country!" exclaimed Charlotte. "Don't you like the country then?" asked Susan. "Why that depends upon the place," returned the other; "where one meets with a spacious house, and elegant furniture, I have no objection to it—but, if you please, I will change my dress, for I am not fit to be seen," continued she, casting a look at the plain attire of Susan, who then left the room, having offered her assistance, which was not accepted.

Desirous of impressing Mrs. Morley with profound respect, Charlotte descended to the parlour in a fashionable dress, and took her seat at the tea-table. During the repast, that lady endeavoured to dissipate the reserve of her guest, by inquiring into the progress she had made in her studies; and was mortified to discover how little information she had gained, and with what indifference she spoke on the subject.

After tea, Mrs. Morley having retired, Susan proposed a walk, to which Char-

lotte assented. Susan hastily tied on her bonnet, when Charlotte exclaimed, "Why, surely you do not mean to go out in that gown?" "Why not?" said Susan, am sure," replied the other, " people will take you for my maid servant." no," rejoined Susan, " you need not fear, we are all too well known in this village; besides, my mother says I ought never to be ashamed of my dress, if it is clean, and neatly put on. Indeed I rather fear lest you should tear that thin muslin, it will cause you so much trouble to mend." " Mend," repeated Charlotte, scornfully; "do you think I ever mend my clothes? I assure you such an employment is quite beneath me." This was an expression that had never before reached the ear of Susan, and she began to consider how a useful occupation could be heneath any person. Perceiving that her guest was waiting, she led the way to the garden gate, and they set out for a ramble.

The disagreeable manners, together with the ignorance of Charlotte, rendered

the period of her visit extremely irksome to Mrs. Morley and her intelligent daughter; and they saw her depart without regret. Many years afterwards a reverse of fortune reduced this proud girl to great distress; a small income alone remained of the ample fortune she expected to possess. Her parents died of grief and anxiety, while their daughter, unpitied by any one, retired to a country town, whereshe endeavoured to maintain her consequence by continually recounting the events of her past life, enumerating her lost possessions, and tyrannizing over a young girl who attended her as a servant. She died as she had lived, unloved and unhonoured.





THE SAILOR BOY.

LATE one winter's evening, a young man in the dress of a sailor, knocked at the door of Thomas Jones, a poor labourer who lived in the town of C—, a small sea port on the eastern coast of this island.

"How are you, my boy," exclaimed the stranger, shaking Jones heartily by the hand, "do you not know me? How is your son Dick, who used to play with me, before I went on board the Victory; he is alive, I hope?" "Why surely you are not my old friend Thomas Roley?" said a youth, coming forward. "Yes I am," replied the sailor; "escaped all perils and dangers from rough seas and outlandish people, here I am come back to Old England again. Oh, it was a good day when we set sail from New Holland, and turned our faces homewards."

Before this speech was concluded, Jones had drawn the seaman to the fireside, and Roley sat down. Shortly after the poor man's wife entered, and the stranger, in the middle of a long story, jumped up to speak to her.

Much joy now ensued—"Ah, John," said she, "many a night my boy Dick and I have sat talking of you, when the wind blew hard. But you were always bent upon going to sea; and now I suppose you are come home as poor as you went away. However, our Dick is no better off, though he remained in his own country; notwithstanding he sits up half the night poring over his books." The

sailor laughed, rubbed his hands, and the good woman began to spread the table for supper.

When the repast was finished, they drew near the fire. "Now," said John, "I shall be glad to hear how you have passed your time, friend Richard; you used to be fond of drawing, and I know you were the first in our school for learning; I remember too, that sea weeds and shells were your delight. Ah, my lad, I wish you had gone on board the Victory with me, you might have gathered many fine flowers, and collected stones and shells enough to fill a chest, though, for my part, I cannot tell the use it would have been; but you were always a strange boy."

"And he reads half the night," interrupted the good woman, "he spends all the money his father can persuade him to keep for himself in buying books full of figures and drawings of what he calls triangles and circles, and other hard names that I cannot speak." "I wish I had been with you," observed Richard; "however, I am tolerably content, I work in the fields near the town for my subsistence, and my leisure hours I pass nearly as you have heard."

"When I was at the Cape," said the sailor, "I saw by chance a very curious circumstance: I and a companion were walking in the country, we observed a bird, totally unknown to us, that was continually employed in catching worms and caterpillars, and instead of eating them, absolutely sticking them upon the thorny prickles of the bushes. They call it the gardeners' bird. If Dick Jones were here, said I to my messmate, how this sight would please him. Then at St. Helena, where the vessel touched on our return, I saw the Black-berry; I was pleased at this, for it reminded me of the days when we went out with our basket to gather the fruit.

"However," continued he, "I have done with the billows for life. No more voyages to foreign lands for me; though I shall always love the Victory, for on board her I learned my good fortune."

"What was that ?" asked Richard. "One morning, shortly after we arrived in the Downs," replied Roley, "our captain called me upon deck, and bade me read the advertisement he pointed out. It gave notice to the heirs of the late Thomas Roley, of Taunton, in Somersetshire, if any such persons existed, that they might hear of something to their advantage by applying to his executor, whose name and place of abode were mentioned. The captain questioned me concerning my family, and I remembered that my father frequently spoke of his cousin Roley, who was very rich, and that he often wondered to whom he would leave his fortune. My captain has greatly assisted me in this business, and it is decided in my favour. Now, friend Richard," said the sailor, "I am come to a large fortune, and the greater part is of no use to me. I have no relations, and scarcely any friends but yourself, and your parents. You want money, and you can employ yourself much better among books than in ploughing the earth. Here is a deed of gift for ten or twelve thousand pounds, I forget how much it is exactly," continued he, drawing a parchment from his pocket, and if I die first, I shall leave you the remainder. Let us take a comfortable house, and live all together. You must not deny me," said he, seeing that Richard was going to speak. "Find a dwelling to your mind, good folks, I beseech you, and let me have a home after six years absence from Old England." So saying, he ran out of the house, and they saw no more of him till the following day.

Richard at length consented to receive the gift that the generous-hearted sailor had offered. They became inmates of the same house, and lived long to enjoy their unexpected prospority.





TRIFLE NOT.

"SAY what you please, Doctor Heath, that boy has no genius, he will never be fitted for more than a counting-house drudge."

"Certainly not, Sir, if his spirits are broken by insinuations calculated to damp the ardour of any youth."

"Well, well, Doctor, do what you can with the child; I leave you to determine what studies are best suited to his intellects! hitherto he has learned little or nothing."

"Mr. Roberts, believe me you are mistaken in that child's capacity, and I feel myself obliged to warn you not to expect too much from the supposed abilities of his elder brother. I allow that his perceptions are quick, and his memory retentive, but I dread the consequences of that habit of trifling which he has contracted."

"Paul is a genius, Dr. Heath; I must maintain my opinion; and a boy of his vivacity cannot be expected to fag like others of more moderate talents."

"Since you are resolved to think thus, I will no longer combat your opinion, but, my good Sir, beware that you raise not your hopes on a precarious foundation. But I see the youths are returning across yonder common, they will soon join us, meanwhile I will relate a little anecdote of Joseph.

"This morning, while I was walking in your garden, I perceived the little lad at the foot of that fine cherry tree, which you were pointing out to me yesterday. If you recollect, you expressed a fear lest the wind, which then blew a strong gale, should entirely strip the tree of its blossoms. I remarked that Joseph was very attentive to our conversation. He said to me afterwards, 'if the wind blows off the blossoms from the cherry tree, why does it not also blow off the leaves of the woodbine that is twisted round it? 'Because they are fastened more strongly to the stem, I suppose, and are less exposed to the force of the gale,' was my answer. This did not appear to satisfy Joseph."

"Pardon my rudeness, Doctor, but neither does this long story of Joseph and his cherry-blossoms satisfy me."

"Well then, Sir, to be brief, I walked up to the tree, and as soon as Joseph saw me he began telling, with great animation, the history of his morning's occupation. The birds are the cause of all this mischief,' said he, 'look they are now throwing them down by dozens, and every blossom is torn, and the little cherry below it is pecked; I suppose they do all this mischief in order to obtain the sweet juice

contained in the flower.' 'You are very right in your conjecture,' I replied. Now, Sir, does not this simple tale prove that your son is at least undeserving of the charge of stupidity?"

"Certainly, certainly, I will order a net to be thrown over the tree immediately, and—"

The conversation between the gentlemen was here interrupted by the entrance of Paul and Joseph: the elder had just reached his twelfth year; Joseph was two or three years younger than his brother.

These boys had been pronounced the one a genius, and the other a lad of mean capacity, by the thoughtless arrogance of a young man, who had been engaged as tutor by their father. This gentleman possessed not the gentle, unassuming manners which were necessary to encourage a child, who had from infancy given proofs of a timid and mild disposition. The progress Joseph made under Mr. Williams's tuition was very inconsiderable, and the tutor imagined his pupil in-

capable of learning, because he possessed not sufficient ingenuity to adapt his instructions to the character and feelings of Joseph. Paul, on the contrary, was of a lively vivacious temper, he quickly conceived a new idea, and his memory having been much exercised, was become very retentive. These qualifications rendered him a pupil fitted for Mr. Williams: he made some progress in the routine of school learning, was highly praised by his parents, and flattered by their visitors, and to crown the whole was pronounced a genius by his tutor. Unfortunately, however, he was suffered to contract an inveterate habit of trifling away his time, under the idea that a boy of quick conceptions needed not to apply diligently to study, and that a genius should not be fettered. The boys soon perceived the different estimation in which they were held; Paul saw that he was accounted superior to his brother, and Joseph felt that he was despised.

While affairs were thus situated, Mr.

Williams left the family to pursue a different occupation; and the father detertermined to place his sons under the care of Dr. Heath, his particular friend, who was master of the grammar-school of X——, and was well acquainted with the different characters of Paul and his brother. The conversation that has been related, shows the opinion that Dr. Heath had formed on the subject. The sequel will prove who had discovered the most penetration.

In the course of a week, the Doctor, with the two children, returned to X—. Joseph, encouraged by the kind manner and clear instructions of the Doctor, gradually lost the painful sense of his own want of capacity, which under his former tutor, he had felt so keenly. He began to take pleasure in learning, when his lessons were familiarly explained to him; and having once excelled in the sound of an approving voice, he exerted himself to the utmost, to procure a repetition of the pleasure. His industry and perseverance

were perceived with pleasure by his preceptor, who, on the other hand was concerned to see the manner in which his elder brother wasted his time in thoughtless trifling. Though able to construe his Latin, and learn his Greek grammar, as well or perhaps better, than any other boy in the school, yet Paul was generally the most incorrect, because, trusting to his good capacity, he often omitted to look at the passage until it was nearly time to repeat it.

They continued at school nearly four years longer, during which time Joseph applied so diligently to study, that he began far to exceed his brother in solid attainments. His father became a convert to the Doctor's opinion, but still expected that Paul would become a shining character.

Before another half year was ended, Paul and Joseph were informed that their father intended to remove them from school at the ensuing vacation.

Some days after, the Doctor told those

lads, whom he thought adequate to the undertaking, that it was his wish they should each compose a theme, on any subject they might select for the purpose; and that it was also his intention to have them publicly recited, as specimens of their progress in learning. He informed them that the recitation would take place the day before they separated for the vacation, and that he should invite their friends to be present on the occasion.

All the scholars were eager to appear with credit before their parents and acquaintances. Paul and Joseph, who were not to return, felt highly anxious to leave school with honour. But they pursued a very opposite course.—" Trifle not," was the maxim Joseph endeavoured to enforce in his theme; he reflected much before he wrote; then carefully revised and corrected his composition. When it was handed up to Dr. Heath for his inspection, he gave it his entire approbation.

The other lads were very diligent, except Paul, who, proud of his talents, would not condescend to begin with his companions. "I can run off my theme in a few hours," was his excuse for trifling away that portion of his time which should have been devoted to his exercise. In short, he delayed it so long, and then wrote so hastily, that when his tutor looked over the theme, great alteration was necessary to render it worthy of being recited.

At length the appointed day arrived; and when the company were all assembled, Paul, being the eldest scholar, was first called upon to speak. Conscious that he was incorrect, he felt unusually abashed, uttered only a few words of his theme, and then, overcome with shame and confusion, returned to his seat.

Several other youths successively rose—All were correct—Last of all, Joseph was summoned. His modest simplicity interested the company in his favour. When he had ceased to speak, it was the general opinion, that his theme displayed

the most genius of any that had been delivered.

Joseph felt highly gratified; but no vanity mingled with his satisfaction; and the lads, who all loved the unassuming youth, heard his praises without envy.

"What could occasion this terrible failure of Paul?" said Mr. Roberts to Dr. Heath, when they were alone. "He believes himself a genius, Sir, and therefore eoncludes that he is privileged to trifle."

"Alas! you were indeed the best judge of these boys, my friend. I now yield the point. Far wiser would have been my conduct, if, instead of allowing him to imbibe such ideas, my injunction had invariably been—

" TRIFLE NOT."



The part of the pa

· No. see

thing of the English was the transition of the english was the second of the english was the transition of the english was the transition of the english was the english the english

are one who had a series only



THE HAPPY PEASANTS.

At the village of W——, not far from the town of Newport Pagnal in Bucking-hamshire, lived Thomas Wilkins, a man much respected for his upright inoffensive character, who occupied a small farm, with the produce of which he maintained a family of seven children. His eldest son assisted in cultivating the land, and when the care of her household concerns permitted, his wife employed herself in making lace, an article which is manufac-

tered in considerable quantities in this county. The two elder girls pursued the same occupation; in warm weather, they frequently placed themselves under the shade of some old elms, that grew by the side of the house, while the younger children amused them with their gaiety and their questions. One gathered buttercups and daisies from the meadow, and dressed himself with them; another built a house with stones for his sister to live in; a third, who was very fond of his book, endeavoured to trace letters in the earth; and the youngest, not two years old, slept at ease upon the grass.

At seven in the evening the whole family left work. The farmer sat down at the door of his cottage, to rest after his labour: the wife amused herself with nursing her little child, the oldest girl taught the rest to read and sew.

In winter evenings the farmer sometimes read an entertaining story, while the girls were busy at their needle, and the boys were knitting; for the farmer's wife declared it was not right for her sons to sit idle in the chimney corner, when they might be making their own stockings, and save her time, and that of the girls, who had enough to do already.

Sunday was the day of jubilee. Every one of the family appeared perfectly clean and neat at breakfast; for they forbore all but necessary employment on the day of rest.

It was the custom to repeat several of the commandments, before they sat down to eat; for the farmer thought that his children might be preserved from wickedness as they grew up, if good precepts were deeply fixed in their memory.

The plain rustic dress of farmer Wilkins's daughters sometimes drew upon them the animadversions of the country girls, who had imbibed the love of fashionable attire; while Betsy and Sally, in their turn, looked with wonder and dislike upon the gay folly of their neighbours.

The sound of the church bells was a

signal of pleasure to all the children who know their import. The prospect of a fine walk over the fields with their father, delighted the little ones, and the elder children were pleased to hear the sermon of the good clergyman who officiated. The lesson for the day was frequently familiar to them; and they thought that it always sounded better at church, because "Mr. B. was such a good reader."

Frequently on a Sunday evening, in summer time, the whole family took a walk on the banks of the Ouse, near which the town of Newport is situated. Sometimes they met persons far superior in rank to themselves, whom the farmer and his family saluted respectfully; but a wish to imitate them never entered their minds; they rather congratulated each other that their station in life neither required them to mingle in the gay scenes of the town, nor rendered it necessary to depart from their plain and simple mode of living.

Sally had an acquaintance, the daughter of a lace-maker, who had too great an inclination for finery to please the sober eye of the farmer's daughter. Jenny Wood could not forbear displaying her smart muslin gown, when Sally went to see her: and even asked if she did not envy her. "Oh no," replied Sally, "I do not think it is right for us who work for our bread to spend money in buying fine clothes. Besides, if I wished for your things, I should break one of the commandments." " Pray what is that ?" said Jenny, pertly. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods," replied Sally, seriously: "and do what you can," added she, "the flowers in the field will outshine you. The finest things you could buy will never make you look so beautiful as this lily of the valley that I have just gathered." Jenny's vanity was mortified: that she should be deemed less beautiful than a trumpery flower, as she termed it in her displeasure, was too great

an affront; and she determined to resent it.

It happened that, in speaking of her work, Sally had mentioned to this young person that a lady at Newport had given her an order for several vards of very fine lace, which she was obliged to finish by a given time, or otherwise it would remain on her hands, as the lady was going to a great distance. Jenny resolved to entangle the threads of the work, and so far discompose it, that she might, if possible, prevent its being completed at the proper time; and having a piece of lace in hand, that much resembled Sally's she intended to call at the lady's house and offer it for sale; hoping to obtain a higher price than was usual, that she might purchase a new bonnet with the money, and thus, in her own opinion at least, rival the lily of the field; though Sally had told her she had read in the Gospel, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

In the course of a few days, Jenny

contrived to execute her malicious intention andiscovered; and poor Sally beheld the disorder of her work with consternation. She questioned her brothers and sisters, though she knew they would not have touched the lace on any account. No one could imagine how the disaster had happened; and to increase her distress, she perceived that several holes were cut in the middle of the work. Three days only and the lace must be carried home! She was overcome with sorrow, and wept till a violent head-ache rendered her unfit for work, and she was forced to lie down on her bed for relief.

In the mean time the lady called at the house, to learn the progress of the work. The good woman immediately related the circumstance that had happened, and brought forward the lace. The, lady, who greatly esteemed the family of farmer Wilkins, was much vexed, and declared her suspicion that it was done purposely to injure Sally. "However," said she, "I will take the lace as it is; I

much admire the beauty of the work, and will find another use for it." She then offered the whole sum that she had agreed to give; saying, "I am about to leave the country, and may not see you again, Mrs. Wilkins; the good conduct of your daughter Sally has long pleased me, you will give her this money, partly as a gift, partly as a payment for the lace." The lady then departed, leaving the good mother full of joy on Sally's account, to whom she immediately repeated the message.

On the day which Jenny Wood knew was appointed for delivering the lace, she knocked at the door of the lady before mentioned, requesting to speak to her. Being admitted, she displayed her lace, saying, she had heard some was wanted; and learned with dismay, that a purchase had been made the day before at Farmer Wilkins's. Jenny had not heard the issue of the business, for Sally had remained at home several days, and her mischievous neighbour dared not see her.

The lady perceiving Jenny's embarrassment inquired how she knew that it was her wish to buy some lace. The girl replied, she had heard that morning that Sally Wilkins's lace had been spoiled, and therefore thought the lady would look at her's, as it was almost as broad, and she was sure quite as well made. The latter part of this reply attracted the lady's attention, on account of the ill-natured manner in which it was uttered. "From whom did you hear this?" she asked. "From Sally's sister," was the answer. "And did she not tell you that I had taken the lace because I thought it so beautiful, and because Sally is a very good girl ?" Jenny's confusion increased-she hesitated. At this moment the servant opened the door, and Sally Wilkins came in. She was surprised so see Jenny, but curtseying to the lady, said she had made hold to call and thank her for the kindness she had shown. "Indeed, Madam," continued the good girl, "I am quite ashamed to receive so much money,

the lace was in such a sad state. I cannot account for the misfortune." She was then retiring, but the lady recalled her. "This young person," said she, pointing to Jenny, whose embarrassment every moment increased, "can perhaps give us some information on the subject. Has she been at your house this morning?" "No," replied Sally, "I have not seen her since my lace was spoiled." "Did you tell any one besides your own family of the accident?" "I have not, nor has my mother or sister." Jenny now burst into tears; she saw she was on the verge of detection, and falling on her knees, confessed that she was the author of the mischief. Sally looked half incredulous. "What, you spoil my work, Jenny !-- you, whom my sister Betsy rose two hours before her time to assist, when you were ill and unable to work long! What harm did I ever do you ?" Jenny, overwhelmed with shame, now burst out of the house, and ran home, She and her mother shortly after removed from the village, fearing lest Sally should relate the circumstance; but the latter remembered too well the precept that she repeated every Sunday, to permit such an intention to remain in her mind. "Do good to them who spitefully use you," said Sally to her sister, as she forbade her to speak of the accident.

The lady having made farther inquiries concerning Jenny, dismissed the good-natured Sally, who returned home very happy.

Farmer Wilkins had the pleasure of seeing all his children grow up good and industrious. They continued to live happily in the village of W——, highly esteemed by all who knew them.





THE PARROT.

The propriety of confining either foreign or native birds, for the mere purpose of gratifying our inclination, appears very doubtful. A person who reflects upon the difference between a narrow cage, and the wide expanse of air to which all birds are accustomed, their propensity to seek shelter among the thick branches of trees and sing unseen, will perceive no small degree of injustice in taking them from the station assigned them by nature, and placing a creature so adapted for a life of liberty, in a narrow prison, amidst the close air of an apartment. Who that has heard the skylark, poised aloft in the air, perceptible only as a speck in the blue sky, trilling her sprightly notes, could receive pleasure in confining this sweet bird to a cage? Or who that has listened at sunset to the music of the black-bird, or the thrush, would barbarously say, "you shall enjoy yourself no more?"—yet this every person does, that ensnares and confines the feathered race.

The fair lady who possessed the subject of this story did not however entertain those opinions; for she became alternately mistress of a sky-lark, a thrush, and a parrot. Indeed she was thought very fond of animals because she chose to waste time, that might have been better employed, in feeding birds, rabbits, white mice, and guinea pigs.

The parrot was her chief delight. She taught him to speak fluently; and upon the entrance of any person, it was her great amusement to make him repeat "how do you do?" "what do you want?"

Sometimes he would sing a song that his mistress had taught him, to the high diversion of the children who came to the house.

Poll, however, proved more than a plaything for a fine lady: as a mouse rescued the lion, so the parrot preserved his mistress.

One night after the family had retired to rest, Poll was awakened by a noise against the window of the parlour where his cage was placed and presently saw a light in the room. In fact, two men had entered with an intention of plundering the house. The thieves were scarcely in the room, when they were saluted with, "what do you want?" "what do you want?" as loud as Poll could speak. This unexpected voice somewhat alarmed them; they left the parlour, and proceded to the next room; still the bird continued to vociferate, "what do you want ?" till the noise awakened part of the family, who supposed that something was the matter with him; and one of the men servants went down stairs, in order to learn the cause of this outcry.

The robbers, perceiving that the family were disturbed, made their escape without delay. The man soon perceived the place through which they had entered, and that it was of these depredators that Poll had so loudly demanded "what do you want?" The servant could not forbear summoning the rest of the family, that he might report this proof of the parrot's sagacity; and the mistress was profuse in her caresses and praises.

The neighbours who came to congratulate the lady on her preservation, all joined in the eulogium; while Poll saluted them with "what do you want?" wholly unconscious of the admiration that the ladies were bestowing upon him.

The robbers were soon afterwards seized, and were tried for the offence; the most daring of them openly vented his rage against the parrot, wishing he had killed it on the spot. This circumstance increased the fame of the parrot, and his mistress was more proud of him.

The bird survived the lady many years, and was bequeathed to an intimate friend.



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

"How can you torment that insect so?" exclaimed Sarah Lewis to her cousin William, a boy about twelve years old, who was catching a fly merely to deprive it of its legs and wings. "I wish, cousin Sal," he replied, "that you would mind your needle, it would become you better than dictating to me." "As to that," returned the young lady, "I will never see any person act so barbarously as you continually do, without protesting against it: besides, I might reply

with propriety, that attention to your Latin grammar would be a more suitable occupation for you, sir, than destroying a creature that is enjoying itself without disturbing you."

At this moment Mrs. Jones, the mother of William, made her appearance, and began to reprove her niece for the severity with which she always spoke to her cousin. "Go, my dear," said she to the spoiled child, "the pony waits at the door, go and take a ride." "Il make him remember his idleness the last time I rode," said he, snapping his whip, and glancing a look of triumph at Sarah, whose countenance expressed her vexation. Then closing the door with violence, he dragged the pony by the bridle to the front of the house, and began to beat him severely about the head with the handle of his whip, till one eye became closed by the blows he had received. His humane cousin at length threw open the window, and declared that she would find some means of punishing his barbarity, to

which he answered only by redoubling his strokes.

The father of this lad was a gentleman of much respectability, who farmed his own estate, situated in one of the western counties. William was his only son, the darling of his mother, who had, from his cradle, indulged him in every whim that could enter the mind of a humoured child. Cats, dogs, and other animals were perpetual sufferers during his infancy, and as he grew up, his highest pleasure was to shoot with his bow and arrows at the harmless ducks and geese, as they moved quietly on the surface of the water. His father occasionally reproved him for his cruelty, and obliged him to relinquish the diversion: but Mr. Jones was frequently from home, and his time was so totally occupied with his agricultural concerns. that no portion of it was devoted to his son.

The first check that William received, was from his cousin, Miss Lewis, who had lately come to reside in the family.

Early inspired with generous feelings towards the animal creation, she looked with detestation and spoke with undaunted courage against every instance of cruelty towards them. In this young lady, William found a very formidable opposer of his cruel sports. She was unwearied in inventing means to preserve the destined prey from destruction, or to defend them to the utmost of her power; and very often proved successful. But to prevent the poor little pony from suffering daily stripes, and ill usage, was beyond her ability; and having watched her cousin out of sight, she sat down to devise the means of executing her threats, and revenging the unfortunate animal that had been the object of the cruel boy's resentment.

At length she recollected that William was a great coward, that he was easily terrified when alone in the dark. Of this weakness she determined to avail herself, in order to inspire him, if possible, with sentiments of greater humanity.

In her childhood she had often been amused with spelling a variety of words written upon paper with phosphorus, which are legible only in darkness; and with this substance she determined to draw the resemblances of the insects and animals which William had most tormented, fix it opposite his bed, and watch near the apartment the effect of her experiment. Upon one large sheet of paper she portrayed her cousin in the act of beating the pony; upon another, were seen flies and cockchafers pierced thro' with a pin. a duck transfixed with an arrow, birds entrapped with bird-lime, vainly fluttering their wings. These drawings seemed in continual motion, from the waving light afforded by the phosphorus.

William retired early to his chamber, for his mother had left home that day to visit a friend; and Sarah waited with some anxiety, lest he should perceive the papers that she had affixed to the wainscot.

The candle, however, was extinguish-

ed, and immediately the figures became visible. The youth beheld with terror the cruel actions of the morning displayed in burning forms before his eyes; the insects seemed alive, fluttering as beneath his torturing fingers. Too much overcome with fear, even to ring the bell, he lay for some time gazing upon these mysterious forms, and at length uttered a groan that was heard by the careful Sarah, who then entered the room to inquire if he was ill. "Oh, cousin Sarah," cried the trembling coward, "come hither; oh, do look at that frightful picture over the fire-place! what is it?" "Nay," replied she, "you, a boy, afraid to ascertain the cause of an extraordinary appearance, and requesting a girl to investigate it-a girl who ought to mind her needle, you know, rather than dictate to you." "Oh never mind now, only fetch a candle." "I will first examine the cause of your alarm," said she: "What have we here? So, so, I should think this figure is meant for you, and the animal for the

poor little pony I entreated you not to beat so cruelly this morning; dear, how strange this is! bless me : here are the flies you used to torture! why they seem to reproach you for your wickedness, William," "Oh that I had not hurt my pony !" he exclaimed; "cousin. the wall seems to burn, pray touch it with your hand." "I touch it! I may have no more inclination than yourself to venture my hand there. To be sure I have no occasion to be so frightened as you are because I have neither killed nor injured any living thing." "I wish I never had!" uttered the repenting William. "Then you had better make a resolution not to practise any more barbarities; for you see they rise up against you." " I will," he replied shuddering, for Sarah had softly removed the papers, and William, perceiving a change in their appearance, buried his head in the pillow. "There, it is quite gone," said she; "look William!" "Oh, pray go now and fetch a light, I dare not remain in the

dark; and do look round the room, that I may be certain no one is hidden." Sarah now complied, carried off her papers undiscovered, and quickly returned with a lamp. She examined the closets, and the spot in which the fiery picture had been seen, but no trace was left. William became a little pacified, and suffered his cousin to depart, upon her promising to return if he rang the bell. "Remember," added she, "you have said you will never more be cruel, take care that you fulfil your promise; I shall be glad if you do not break it."

The next morning William inquired her opinion concerning the last night's event; and she candidly told him that she had some idea of the cause, but declined speaking farther upon the subject.

The impression that William had received was so deep, that he entirely abandoned his former habits; nor was the wonderful picture explained till some time afterwards. Sarah then related the whole plot, and again displayed the brilliant

figures. William shuddered involuntarily as he beheld them but, concious that he had ceased to commit the crimes they represented, he felt new courage arise in his mind, and he ventured to apply his hand to the wall.

Mr. Jones was highly gratified with his son's amendment, and applauded Sarah for the caution she had observed in punishing her cousin's fault. "It is not," said he, "a desirable method of proceeding; but William's habit was so deeply rooted, that nothing, perhaps, but extreme terror, could have effectually destroyed it."

Sarah enjoyed the pleasure of seeing her cousin eminent for his humanity, as he advanced in years; and he soon rose high in her estimation for a quality always deserving the most entire approbation.





THE SPOILED CHILD.

"Why do you not sit down and eat your dinner, what is the cause of all this?" "I do not choose to sit down," was the answer of George Bell, a boy not ten years of age, to his mother surrounded with her guests, who were silent with surprise at his behaviour. "I will have some of that tart you have sent away."—"My dear, I have sent it to your sister, you know she is not well, and it may please her. She never gives me so much

trouble as you continually do: for shame, sit down as I bid you."

"Give me the tart, I tell you," said the spoiled child, pushing violently against the table, much to the annoyance of those opposite. "Well," replied the mother, "will you be good if I let you have the tart?" "Give it me first," said George, and his mother with ill judged fondness led him out of the room, to gratify a whim that ought to have been disregarded.

His good-natured sister readily surrendered the contested morsel, on learning that her brother would not behave well unless he obtained his object.

George snatched the plate, and bouncing against the parlour door, exclaimed, "Let me in." "You must not carry your plate in now, Master George," said the maid, "the wine and fruit are on the table." "I will though," answered he, shaking the lock. Again he was admitted, and walking up to his mother he began to eat his tart, lolling against her. He then seized the decanter, with the in-

tention of helping himself to some wine, but a gentleman in company, who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Bell. resolutely held his hand, saying, "I will help you to some wine, sir, if your mother gives permission." "He may drink a little, if you please," she replied. Some wine was poured out, but George was become sulky; somewhat afraid of the gentleman who had interfered, he dared not speak, but cast resentful looks at his mother, " Drink the health of your friends," said she; "I shall not," muttered George, and at the same moment overturned the wine glass, which broke in the fall, and the contents were thrown over the dress of a lady who sat near. Many apologies ensued, and tranquillity was restored, while George threw himself on the floor. Here he lay some time, but perceiving that no one paid any attention to him, he began to kick the chair upon which the gentleman sat who had before opposed him. The guest turned round, bade him desist, and continued to converse with

the lady who sat next him. George repeated his attacks, and was again spoken to in vain. The gentleman now coolly rose, took out his handkerchief, and fastened the arms of the troublesome child behind him. With another he bound his feet together, and carried him to a distance from the chair, regardless of his struggles and outcries, then turning to his mother, he said, "I do not apologise for this interference, madam, for you perceive it is necessary." "I believe it is," returned Mrs. Bell, "I cannot manage him, and wish you would take him away with you." "To this proposal I consent," said the gentleman, "he is preparing misery for himself and his parent by this conduct. I will bring him back to you a good and obedient child."

The company applauded this new arrangement, and George, who heard the whole began to scream violently. The guest soon ordered his carriage, and notwithstanding his resistance, George was taken away.

Firm and judicious treatment in time produced an entire change in his temper, and he returned to his mother as the gentleman had predicted—" a good and obedient child."





THE PASSIONATE BOY.

HUGH DYSON, a boy about fourteen, had a large dog named Jowler, of which he was very fond. This animal was the constant attendant of his walks, and Hugh frequently diverted himself with throwing stones, after which Jowler eagerly ran, and brought them back to his master. Poor Jowler had one propensity that sometimes brought him in trouble. He could seldom pass through a field, or cross a common where sheep were feeding, without attempting to chase them; and so

great was his speed, that the voice of his master was seldom heard in time to prevent him. Hugh was of a very passionate disposition, and the disobedience of his dog generally excited his high displeasure, which he displayed by beating him violently.

Notwithstanding this occasional cruelty, Jowler was much attached to his master, and followed him willingly whenever he was called. In one of his excursions. Hugh accidentally crossed a large field in which was a flock of sheep; on perceiving them, he began to check Jowler, who for some time kept close to his master contenting himself with barking now and then. A sudden noise however startled the flock, and they began to run. This was too great a trial for Jowler: he rushed forwards wholly regardless of his master's loud commands, and began to pursue the fearful sheep, who ran in all directions.

Hugh himself became terrified, lest the owner of the sheep should perceive and shoot the dog, and attribute the tumult to his mischievous inclinations. Perceiving that his vociferations were without effect, he ceased to call the dog, but hastily drew a large stake from the hedge, and, highly enraged, prepared to beat him severely.

Tired with the sport, after having completely exhausted several fine sheep, Jowler returned to his incensed master, crouching, and seeming almost conscious of what he deserved.

But no submission could save the guilty and unfortunate Jowler from the intended punishment. Hugh struck the dog to the ground with two or three heavy blows, and repeated them till he lay motionless, he then kicked him violently with his foot, and at length the cruel boy threw down his weapon. At this moment a countryman came by, who, seeing the situation of Jowler, began to pity him, and inquired the cause of it. Hugh related the crime of which he had been guilty, still vowing vengeance against him.

"You have been rather too harsh with the poor fellow, young gentleman, I think," said the labourer. "They say a merciful man is merciful to his beast, but you have treated this poor brute as if he had no feeling, and after all he has not killed nor wounded those sheep, for they are quietly feeding again now; though the dog ought to be broke of his bad habit certainly." "I'll break him of it, I warrant you," replied the angry Hugh, again striking Jowler with his foot. The poor animal howled with pain, and the countryman, touched with compassion, stooped to stroke him. Jowler looked up piteously, licked the hand of the countryman, who spoke to him kindly; and after writhing in great pain for a few minutes, died at the feet of his cruel master.

The following account of Argus, the famous dog of Ulysses, may gratify the reader.

Ulysses had left Argus at Ithica when he embarked for Troy, and found him alive on his return after an absence of twenty years.

"When wise Ulysses, from his native coast. Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost. Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone, To all his friends, and e'en his queen unknown. Changed as he was, with age, and toil, and cares, Harrow'd his reverend face, and white his hairs, In his own palace forced to ask his bread. Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed ; Forgot of all his own domestic crew, The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew. Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay, Like an old servant, now cashier'd he lav. Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man, And longing to behold his ancient lord again. Him when he saw, he rose, and crawl'd to meet, (Twas all he could) and fawn'd and kiss'd his feet, Seized with dumb joy-then, falling by his side, Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died."



MUNROE & FRANCIS,

No. 4, Cornhill,

Have just published many Juvenile Books, among which are the following, ornamented with cuts.

BELZONI IN EGYPT, with 24 copperplates. DAUGHTER OF A GENIUS, by Mrs. Hoffland. Æsop in RHYME, by J. Taylor ; 72 cuts. SHORT STORIES, by a Lady for her Children. COLOURED QUARTO, with 127 cuts. STORY TELLER : with 30 cuts. The LIFE OF A HORSE, and other Stories, with 6 cuts. STORIES worth TELLING; with 12 handsome cuts. THE WHITE KITTEN; with 12 cuts. The MISER, and other Stories; with 6 cuts. PORTRAITS from LIFE, or Charles and Charlotte. The NEGRO Boy, and other Stories; with 5 cuts. The PICTURE ALPHABET, or A B C Book. 35 cuts. THE PONY, and other Stories; with 6 cuts. THE HAPPY PEASANTS, and other Stories : 6 cuts MARY and her CAT; with 12 engravings. ORIGINAL POEMS for Infant Minds, with wood cuts. Miss EDGEWORTH'S STORIES. In 17 Parts. · BARRY, the good Dog of St. Bernard. THE PRETTY PARROT, or coloured Alphabet. THE TRUMPETER, or Infant Rhymes. THE GIG, or six pretty Stories. THE MERRY MECHANICS all at work. TRAY AND MUFF, or 12 pictures described. THE SEDAN CHAIR, or 15 pictures described. THE RIDDLER; or 40 Riddles with plates. SHORT Songs for little Children, 45 in number. The ROBINS, with 18 cuts. STORIES of OLD DANIEL. Copperlate. GUSTAVUS, and his Parrot. LEARNING better than House and Land. MOTHER GOOSE'S QUARTO; with 63 cuts. ORPHAN HENRY; 8 coloured cuts. INFANTINE STORIES; 5 large cuts. JACK and his Eleven Brothers. NEW LETTERS from England; 27 cuts. STORIES in Verse; 5 cuts. New LETTERS from London; 28 cuts. Kings of England; 33 cuts. MOTHERLESS MARY: &c. &c.







